Nos quoque floruimus Sed flos fuit ille caducus:
Planumaque de stipulâ nostra brevisque fuit. ov.

Farewell VAINE WORLD: as thou hast bin to me.
DUST and a SHADOW: those I leave with thee:
The vnseen VITALL SUBSTANCE I committ,
To him thats SUBSTANCE LIFE LIGHT LOVE to it.
The LEAVES & FRUIT are dropt, for soyle & seed,
Heavens heirs to generate: to heale and feed:
Them also thou wilt flatter and molest,
But shalt not keep from Everlasting Rest.

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POETICAL FRAGMENTS:

Heart-Imployment WITH God and It Self.

THE

Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart.

Sorrowing-rejoycing, Fearing-hoping, Dying-living.

Written partly for himself, and partly for near Friends in Sickness, and other deep Affliction.

By *RICHARD BAXTER.*

Ephes. 5.19. *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your hearts to the Lord.*

2 Cor. 5. 4. *For we that are in this Tabernacle do GROAN, being burdened.*

Læta fere lætus cecini: Cano tristia tristis.

Published for the use of the Afflicted.

The Second Edition.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Dunton* at the *Black Raven* in the *Poultry*. 1689.

The Epistle to the Reader.

Reader,

THese Poetical Fragments, (except three heretofore Printed) were so far from being intended for the Press, that they were not allowed the sight of many private Friends, nor thought worthy of it: Only had I had time and heart to have finished the first, (which in self, according to the Matter and designed Method, would have made a Volume far bigger than all this, being intended as a thankful, Historical Commemoration of all the notable Passages of my Life) I should have published it as the most self-pleasing part of my Writings. But as they were mostly written in various Passions, so Passion hath now thrust them out into the World. God having taken away the Dear Companion of the last Nineteen Years of my Life, as her Sorrows and Sufferings long ago gave Being to some of these Poems (for reasons which the World is not concerned to know), so my grief for her Removal, and the Renewed Sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all.

I confess that Passion is oft such a hindrance of Judgment, that a Man should be very suspicious of himself till it be laid: But I am assured that God made it not in vain; and that Reason is a sleepy half-useless thing, till some Passion excite it; and Learning to a Man asleep is no better for that time than Ignorance. And God usually beginneth the awakening of Reason, and the conversion of Sinners, by the awakening of their useful Passions, their Fear, their Grief, Repentance, Desire, &c. I confess, when God awaketh in me those Passions which I account rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a Fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy Reason. Lay by all the passionate part of Love and Joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of Heaven.

In short, I am an Adversary to their Philosophy, that vilifie Sense, because it is in Brutes, and am past doubt that the noble Spirits of Sensitives are debased ignorantly, by pretending Wits, that know not what they say or glory in. And humane Souls are not less sensitive for being rational, but are eminently sensitive. Yea, Reason hath in it more of eminent internal Sensation, that those Men think that debase Sense. The Scripture, that saith of God, That he is Life *and*

Light,

Light, *saith also, That he is* Love, *and* Love *is Complacence, and Complacence is Joy; and to say* God is Infinite, Essential Love *and* Joy, *is a better Notion, than with* Cartesians *and* Cocceians, *to say that* God *and* Angels, *and* Spirits, *are but a Thought, or an* Idea. *What is Heaven to us, if there be no Love and Joy?*

I will do my wise Friends, whose Counsel I have much followed, that Right, as to acquit them from all the guilt of the Publication of these Fragments. Some of them say, that such VVork is below me; *and those that I think speak wiselier, say,* I am below such VVork. *These I unfeignedly believe. I have long thought, that a* Painter, *a* Musician, *and a* Poet, *are contemptible, if they be not excellent: And that I am not Excellent, I am satisfied: But I am more patient of Contempt than many are. Common Painters serve for poor Men's Work: And a Fidler may serve at a Country Wedding: Such cannot aspire to the Attainments of the higher sort: And the Vulgar are the greater number. Dr.* Stillingfleet *saith,* I seldom follow my Friend's advice: *In this I justifie him: Though in other Things my Advisers contradict him.*

I know that natural temper makes Poetry savour to several Wise and Learned Men, as

differently as Meats do to various Appetites. I know such Learned discreet Men, that know not what a Tune is, nor can difference one from another. I wonder at them, and oft doubt whether it be an Accident, *or an* Integral *of Humanity which they want.* Annatus *the Jesuit in his Answer to Dr.* Twisse De Scientia Media, *commends his Poetry (for a Poem added in the end) in scorn, as if it were a Disgrace to a School-Divine. I take one sign of an Acumen of Wit to make it likely that the Man hath the same Wit for other Work.*

For my self, I confess that Harmony and Melody are the pleasure and elevation of my Soul, and have made a Psalm of Praise in the Holy Assembly the chief delightful Exercise of my Religion and my Life; and hath helped to bear down all the Objections which I have heard against Church-Musick, and against the 149, 150 Psalms. *It was not the least comfort that I had in the Converse of my late dear Wife, that our first in the Morning, and last in Bed at Night, was a Psalm of Praise (till the hearing of others interrupted it.) Let those that savour not Melody, leave others to their different Appetites, and be content to be so far Strangers to their delights.*

To the Reader.

These times have produced many Excellent Poets: Among whom for strength of Wit, Dr. Abraham Cowly *justly bears the Bell. I much value Mr.* Woodford's *Paraphrase on the Psalms, though his Genius (or somewhat else) expound some Psalms, so as the next Age will confute. A Womans Poems, the Lady* Katherine Philip's *are far above contempt. But that is best to me which is most holy.*

I have known good Men that were skilled in Musick, and much delighted in it, and yet had a conceit that it was unlawful in a Psalm, or holy Exercise: I so much differed from them, that I scarce cared for it any where else; and if it might not be holily used, it should never have been used for me.

Honest George Withers, *though a Rustic Poet, hath been very acceptable as to some for his Prophecies, so to others for his plain Country-honesty: The Vulgar were the more pleased with him for being so little Courtly as to say,*

" If I should have been hung, I knew not how,
" To teach my Body how to cringe and bow,
" And to embrace a fellows hinder quarters,
" As if I meant to steal away his Garters.
" When any bow'd to me with Congees trim,
" All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.

Bless

" Bleſs me, thought I, what will this Coxcomb do?
" When I perceiv'd one reaching at my Shoo.

Quarles *yet out-went him, mixing competent Wit with Piety (eſpecially in his Poem againſt* Reſt on Earth.)

Silveſter *on* Du Bartas *ſeems to me to out-go them both.*

Sir Fulk Grevil, *Lord* Brook (*a man of great note in his Age*) *hath a Poem lately Printed for Subjects Liberty, which I greatly wonder this Age would bear. There are no Books that have been Printed theſe twenty Years, that I more wonder at (that ever they were endured) than* Richard Hookers *eight Books of Eccleſiaſtical Policy, dedicated by Biſhop* Gauden *to our preſent King, and vindicated by him; and theſe Poems of Sir* Fulk Grevil *Lord* Brook. Davie's Noſce Teipſum *is an excellent Poem in opening the Nature, Faculties, and certain Immortality of Mans Soul. But I muſt confeſs, after all, that next the Scripture Poems, there are none ſo ſavoury to me, as* Mr. George Herbert's, *and Mr.* George Sandys's. *I know that* Cowly *and others far exceed* Herbert *in Wit and acurate compoſure. But* (*as* Seneca *takes with me above all his Contemporaries, becauſe he ſpeaketh* Things *by* Words, feelingly *and* ſeriouſly, *like a*

Man

Man that is paſt jeſt, ſo) Herbert *ſpeaks* to God *like one that* really believeth a God, *and whoſe buſineſs in this World is moſt* with God. Heart-work *and* Heaven-work *make up his Books. And* Du Bartas *is ſeriouſly Divine. And* Geo. Sandy's

Omne tulit punctum, dum miſcuit utile dulci.

His Scripture Poems are an elegant and excellent Paraphraſe, but eſpecially his Job, *whom he hath reſtored to its original Glory. O that he had turned the* Pſalms *into Metre fitted to the uſual Tunes! It did me good when Mrs.* Wyat *invited me to ſee* Boxley *Abby in* Kent; *to ſee upon the old Stone Wall in the Garden a Summer-houſe with this Inſcription in great Golden Letters, that* In that place Mr. *G. Sandys*, after his Travels over the World, retired himſelf for his Poetry and Contemplations. *And none are fitter to retire to God, than ſuch as are tired with ſeeing all the Vanities on Earth.*

Sure there is ſomewhat of Heaven in holy Poetry. It charmeth Souls into Loving Harmony and Concord: We have two Brothers in this City, of whom one hath written a Book, called, A Friendly Debate, *to make thoſe ſeem odious or contemptible who are againſt his way: It had too much ſucceſs, and ſo far deſtroyed Love and Concord, as will not eaſily be recovered in this Age. His Brother*

ther (*Mr.* Patrike *of the* Charter-house) *hath with pious Skill and seriousness turned into a new Metre many of* David's Psalms *and the advantage for holy affections and harmony, hath so far reconciled the Non-Conformists, that divers of them use his Psalms in their Congregations, though they have their old ones,* Rouses, *Bishop* Kings, *Mr.* Whites, *the* New Englands, Davisons, *the* Scots, (*agreed on by two Nations in competition with it. But I digress too far.*

All that I have to say for these Fragments, is, 1. *That being fitted to Women and Vulgar Wits, which are the far greatest number, they may be useful to such though contemptible to those of higher elevation and expectation.* 2. *And being suited to afflicted, sick, dying, troubled, sad and doubting Persons, the number of such is so great in these calamitous times, as may render them useful to more than I desire.* 3. *And if my present grief may but excuse the Publication, he that needeth them not may let them alone.*

Some of them need an Exposition, which I must give the World. I have added two or three Prints heretofore, that they may be altogether. The Lord by his merciful Providence and his Grace, tune our dull and drooping Souls to such joyful praise as may prepare us for his everlasting praise in Heaven. *Amen.*

London, *At the Door of Eternity.*

Rich. Baxter, Aug. 7. 1681.

LOV

LOVE

Breathing

THANKS and PRAISE.

The First Part.

ETernal God, this Worm lifts up the head,
And looks to Thee, by Thee Encouraged.
Cheer'd by thy Bounty, it would speak thy praise,
Whose wondrous Love hath measur'd all my days:
If thou vouchsafe to make a Worm rejoyce,
Give him a thankful praising Heart and Voice.
Thy shining Glory blessed Angels see:
Angels must sing thy highest praise, not we:
But if thy warming beams cause Worms to speak,
Their baser part will not the Consort break.
When Time was yet no measure; when the Sun
Its rapid motion had not yet begun;
When Heav'n, and Earth, & Sea were yet unfram'd,
Angels and Men, and all things else unnam'd:
When there did nothing else exist but Thee,
Thou wast the same, and still the same wilt be:
When there was none to know or praise thy Name,
Thou wast in perfect Blessedness thy same.

The

The Father, Word and Spirit, One in Three,
Trinity doth with Unity agree.
Th' Eternal Life, that quickens all that lives;
The ſoul of ſouls; the Light which all Light gives
Immenſe and boundleſs, preſent every where:
Beyond all place and Creatures, thou art there,
Uncomprehended, comprehending all:
Foreknowing whatſoever ſhall befal.
Uncaus'd, thou cauſeſt all that hath a Being:
Unknown, thou knoweſt; unſeen, thou art all-ſeeing.
Though neceſſary, yet without conſtraint;
Unmov'd, yet moving all, doſt never faint.
All things depend on Thee; and Thou on none,
And changing all things, art unchang'd alone.
One in th' innumerable multitude;
Perfectly ordering things which ſeem moſt rude.
Infinite Power, one accent of whoſe Breath,
Can ſentence Heav'n and Earth to life or death.
Yea, by one Act of efficacious Will
Canſt make and unmake Worlds; give life, and kill.
Reaſon tranſcending all created Reaſon;
Not only knowing all things in their ſeaſon,
But with a Knowledge, perfect, infinite,
Knowing Thy ſelf in Thine Eternal Light.
A Knowledge which doth utterly excell
The Knowledge of the Earth, the Heav'ns and Hell;
To know ten thouſand worlds, were but to know
Th' finite ſtreams which from thy Will do flow:
Exiſtents, Futures, all Contingencies
Conceal'd from Man, are naked to thine eyes:
Of every thing thou knoweſt the Form and Cauſe;
As giving all their Nature and their Laws.
Nature's whole Frame is but one piece to thee.
The Place and Uſe of all things thou doſt ſee.
The Globes of Heav'n and Earth are in thy ſpan;
Thou ſeeſt not things by parcels, like poor Man.
Our narrow Minds ſee here and there a Letter,
Not rightly plac'd, and therefore read no better:

We

We make the Events of this day our ſorrow,
Becauſe we know not what will be to morrow.
Things preſent, paſt, and future; old and new,
Thou ſeeſt entirely with one ſingle view.
Thou ſeeſt all at home that's underſtood:
Loving thy ſelf, thou loveſt all that's *Good*.
Goodneſs it ſelf, and *perfect Excellence*,
Tranſcending humane *Reaſon*, *Will* and *Senſe*:
Good in thy ſelf, and to thy ſelf alone,
Before thou waſt to any Creature known.
Bleſt in thy own Eternal pleaſing ſight;
Thy own Eternal Love, Thy own Delight.
Thoſe that can find in Thee no greater Good,
Than that thou giv'ſt them life, and health, and food,
And bountifully from thy ample Treaſure
Bleſſeſt thy Creatures with deſired pleaſure;
Set up themſelves, and do the worſt they can,
To make themſelves the Gods, and Thee the Man.
They that can love thee but for loving them,
Make thee the caſket, and themſelves the Gem.
To *love thy ſelf* is infinitely better,
Than if *Love* made a world of worlds its Debter.
Thy *own Perfections* by *Attraction* move,
As the *chief formal Object* of Man's Love.
Though our *own Good* we may, and muſt intend;
Thy *ſimple Goodneſs* is Man's *chiefeſt end*.
They that deny this, never knew *Love's* force,
Which to *meer Excellence* hath its recourſe:
Or never well conſidered *Love's* end,
Which unto *Good*, for *Goodneſs* ſake doth tend.
To be *Man's End*, is but to be *moſt Lov'd*:
And *Good*'s the Loadſtone by which *Love* is mov'd.
What though to Thee the Creature nothing add?
That proves thee perfect; neither weak nor bad;
And therefore fit to be the Final Cauſe,
Which all Hearts by attractive Goodneſs draws:
Love is the *Final* and *Enjoying* act;
Cloſing with Thee by thy Magnetick tract.

Nor

Not as it *mourneth* for the Good we want;
Nor as it after distant *Good* doth pant;
But partly as it reacheth its desires:
And more, as it with *Pleasure Thee admires.*
This Love, besides its *Object*, hath *no End*:
It doth not to some higher Virtue tend:
But from a seed, grows up to higher stature,
Of *Divine Complacence*, which is its nature.
All other Grace is but the means to it:
They draw the bow; but *Love* the mark doth hit.
But Sinners lost in SELF rise not above
The lower Region of their own SELF-LOVE.
Expetience assures me that I can
Love a most learned, wise, and holy Man
Unseen, my very heart is to him knit,
Without respect to any benefit.
Reason convinceth me that I should err,
If the known BEST, my Love should not prefer:
Should I not rather chuse my self alone
To be annihilated, or undone,
Than the whole world should bear the same distress,
Or Towns, or Countries; seeing I am less?
Or the Creator should take down the Sun?
Destroy the Earth? or Rivers cease to run?
Reason taught Heathens that their Country's good
Was worth the shedding of their vital Blood:
A faithful Subject thinks his Life a thing
Meet to be cast away to save his King.
True Soldiers would chuse Death, if so they may
But save their Captains Lives, or win the day.
Many have chose to dye through love of Friends;
Preferring them above all selfish Ends.
It is not Reason, but blind selfish Passion,
If *One* refuse to dye to save a Nation.
A silly useless Wretch should not refuse
His Death, before a useful Mans, to choose.
My Neighbour as my self I must respect,
And *for my Brethren* must my *Life reject*. (1 Joh. 3. 16

O doleful proof of Man's unhappy Fall!
That loves not GOD above himself and All!
And if I *love him most*, He is *my End*:
Man's Love above the *Lover* must ascend!
But O how wisely hast thou made the twist!
To *Love Thee* and *My self* do well consist.
Love is the closure of Connaturals;
The Soul's return to its Originals:
As every Brook is towards the Ocean bent;
And all things to their proper Element:
And as the inclination of the Sight,
How small soever, is unto the Light:
As the touch'd Needle pointeth toward the Pole:
Thus unto Thee inclines the Holy Soul;
It trembleth and is restless till it come
Unto thy Bosom, where it is at home.
Yet no such Union dare the Soul desire
As *Parts* have with the whole, and sparks to fire;
But as dependent, low, subordinate,
Such as thy Will of nothing did create:
As tendeth to the Sun, the smallest Eye
Of silly Vermine, or the poorest Flie.
My *own Salvation* when I make my *End*;
Full Mutual Love is all that I intend.
And in this closure though *I happy* be,
Its by intending and admiring Thee.
O happy Grace! which feeds above the Skies!
And causest Man above Himself to rise!
And *saves* what it *denys*! when Worldlings lose
What they despis'd, and what they lov'd and chose!
The more I do *my self* in Love neglect,
And only to *thy Goodness* have respect,
When most *my self* I from *my self* abstract,
This is the *sweetest*, and *self-pleasing* act!
Even when I seem to leave *my self* behind,
Coming to thee, with *Thee my self* I find.
When I am least, the *Object* of my *Love*,
And unto *Thee* do most entirely move,

My

My Soul, the willing Agent, drawn by Grace,
Will *Rest in Love*, and *Vision* of thy Face.
But in this Wilderneſs and vale of Tears,
How is Love dampt by Ignorance and Fears!
For no Man's Love his knowledg can exceed:
And guilty Terrors diſaffection breed.
Mortals can know thee but as in a glaſs.
True formal Knowledge doth Man's mind ſurpaſs.
No Thoughts or Names are adequate to Thee:
They are but Metaphors from what we ſee;
Which firſt thy Works and Image ſignifie;
And thence to Thee Mens riſing Minds apply.
As far as Faith comes ſhort of perfect Sight,
And this dark Priſon of the Glorious Light;
So far this diſtant mediate Love's below
The Heavenly Love which mortals cannot know.
What will it be to love Thee face to face,
When thou appear'ſt ſo lovely in this Glaſs?
Thy *Goodneſs* is not to that world confin'd:
To worthleſs, ſinful Mortals thou art kind:
Thy mercies to the ſmalleſt are not ſmall:
To ſome more wonderful, but great to all.
Thy matchleſs *Power* doth it ſelf expreſs,
Upon the ſmalleſt Worm, or pile of Graſs.
The Methods of thy *Wiſdom* are profound:
All muſt admire the depths which none can ſound.
When Man from Holy Love, turn'd to a Lye,
Thy Image loſt, became thine Enemy;
O what a *Seal* did *Love* and *Wiſdom* find
To re-imprint thine Image on Man's Mind!
Thou ſentſt the Signet from thine own right hand,
Made Man for them that had themſelves unman'd.
Th' Eternal Son, who in thy Boſom dwelt;
Eſſential burning Love, mens hearts to melt:
Thy lively Image; he that knew thy mind:
Fit to illuminate and heal the Blind.
With Love's great Office thou didſt him adorn:
Redeemer of the helpleſs and forlorn:

On Love's chief work and meſſage he was ſent:
Our Fleſh he took; our pain he underwent:
Thy pardoning, ſaving Love to Man did preach;
The Reconciler ſtood up in the breach;
The uncreated Image of thy Love,
By his *Aſſumption*, and the *Holy Dove*,
On his own Fleſh thy Image firſt Impreſt;
And by that ſtamp renews it on the reſt.
Love was his Nature, Doctrine, Life and Breath;
Love flamed in his Sufferings and Death:
Thus *Love thine Image*, *Love* on Man doth print;
This Coin, thy Son, thy Word and Spirit mint,
He that will have it *True*, muſt have it here;
Though *Love* prepare its way by *Grief* and *Fear*:
Yea oft by *theſe* expreſſeth its Deſire;
They are ſincere when kindled by *its* fire.
Theſe are *LOVE*'s Methods, paſſing tongue and pen;
Wonders and Joys, to Angels, and to Men.

The Second Part.

LOVE, which can make its Object, did produce
This Worm, in ſeaſon, for its proper uſe:
In the Earth's Garden, the moſt happy Land,
Where Chriſtians dwell, & Chriſtian Kings command;
Where plenteous ſtreams of living waters flow;
Where the firſt-fruits of Paradiſe do grow:
Whence Proud, Dark, Bloody Popery was driven:
To whom the opened Book of God was given.
Where ſacred guides, and books, and helps abound;
And all that will may hear *the joyful ſound*.
My Parents here thy skilful hand did plant,
Free from the ſnares of Riches and of Want.
Their tender care was us'd for me alone,
Becauſe thy Providence gave them but One:
Their Earthly Precepts ſo poſſeſs'd my heart,
That taking root, they did not thence depart.

Thy

Thy Wisdom so contriv'd my Education,
As might expose me to the least temptation.
Much of that guilt thy Mercy did prevent,
In which my spring-time I should else have spe
Yet Sin sprung up, and early did appear;
In love of play, and lyes produc'd by fear:
An Appetite pleas'd with forbidden fruit,
A proud delight in literate repute;
Excess of pleasure in vain Tales, Romances;
Time spent in feigned Histories and Fancies:
In idle talk, conform to company;
Childhood and Youth had too much vanity.
Conscience was oft resisted when it check'd,
And holy duty I did much neglect.
Yet patience bore; thy Spirit still did strive:
Restless Convictions still were kept alive.
Thou wouldst not give me over, till thy Grace
Reviv'd thy Image which sin did deface.
Thou strangely putst such Books into my hand,
As caused me my case to understand:
As touch'd my Conscience, wakened my heart,
And laid it under careful fears and smart.
And made me question with a deeper sense,
Whither my Soul must go when it goes hence.
Then did thy Light detect the vanity
Of all the Joys and Hopes below the Sky.
The fruitless bussle which the Worldling make
The madness of the course the Sinner takes;
The wicked world I thought a Bedlam was:
And senseless Sinners hearts were stone or brass:
I wondred men could live so carelesly,
Ready to pass into Eternity!
And O how easily could I confute
All that against a holy life dispute?
I wondred at my self that staid so long,
So little toucht with Arguments so strong!
Laughing and playing, as if all were well,
For ought I knew, near to the brink of Hell.

narvell'd at my former ſenſleſneſs !
y ſin and miſery I did confeſs.
d now what horrid darkneſs on my mind,
ever before lamented did I find ?
n was like ſickneſs in my fleſh and bone,
hich only by the Book before was known.
Chriſt's Office now I better underſtood,
he need my Soul had of his cleanſing Blood :
ow inſufficient of my ſelf I was,
o bring my own deliverance to paſs:
ow I began to *feel* as well as *ſee*,
ow near the *Word of Grace* concerned me :
hat all means elſe in Heaven and Earth were vains
y Peace with God, and pardon to obtain !
o whom elſe ſhould my ſinful Soul have gone ?
ut for my Saviour, I had been undone.
h my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?
hus thou prepar'ſt us for the Life above.
The heav'nly Powers which made my heart to (quake,
ly Priſon bonds and doors did open ſhake :
n now was folly, villany and ſhame :
od, Heav'n, Chriſt, Holineſs, ſeem not the ſame :
low thou wouldſt uſe me, yet I did not know,
Vhether my ſin thou wouldſt forgive, or no :
ut well I ſaw there was no turning back :
Nature is loth to go to Hell awake :
Thy Goſpel told me, I might mercy find :
Nothing but Hell and Darkneſs was behind :
At laſt thy Grace brought me to this concluſion,
To HOPE and SEEK I fixt my reſolution.
O my dear God! How precious is thy Love ?
Thy Griefs prepare us for the Joys above.
Yet theſe my wounds and ſmarts were not ſo great,
As many's who ſate long in ſcorners ſeat :
Nor did the change ſo ſuddenly begin,
As to make known *when* ſpecial Grace came in :
In my young years thou hadſt convinc'd my Soul :
Conſcience did childiſh vanity controul :

I lik'd thy ways as beſt: I honour'd thoſe,
That Folly ſhun'd, and Holy Wiſdom choſe:
Thou hadſt prevented Oaths and horrid crimes
And the enormous vices of the times:
Preſerving me from youthful luſts and rage:
The thoughts of Thee increaſing with my Age
This greateſt Change began when I was green,
Having not much above three luſtres ſeen:
Therefore I doubted whether it were true,
Becauſe its *entrancē* I no better knew;
Long was I ſadly queſtioning thy Grace,
Becauſe thy Spirits ſteps I could not trace.
The difference is ſo great 'twixt Heav'n and Hell
That thoſe muſt differ much who there muſt dwell
I fear'd the change which rais'd my ſoul no high
Would not ſuffice to ſave me from Hell fire.
But above all, I thought ſo Hard a heart,
Could not among the living have a part.
I thought thy Son would never heal my ſore,
Unleſs my tears and ſorrow had been more.
I wonder'd at my great ſtupidity!
That could not weep when I deſerv'd to dye.
I wonder'd, things ſo great as Heav'n and Hell,
Did on my heart with no more feeling dwell!
That words which ſuch amazing things import,
Did not ſink deeper, and my ſoul tranſport!
That things of Everlaſting conſequence,
Did not affect me with a deeper ſenſe.
And that a ſoul ſo near its final doom,
Could give theſe worldly trifles any room.
That on theſe ſhadows I could caſt an eye,
While Death & Judgment, Heav'n & Hell ſtood by
I wonder'd when my odious ſin was nam'd,
I was no more confounded and aſham'd.
Many a time I beg'd a tender heart,
And never pray'd ſo much for joy, as ſmart.
I could have kiſs'd the place where I did kneel,
If what my tongue had ſpoke, my heart could feel

eſe were my cries when I to Thee did ſpeak,
hat this heart of ſtone might melt or break!
neſe were my groans; this was my daily breath,
ſave me from Hard-hartedneſs and Death!
is was the title which I us'd to take,
enſleſs Hard-harted wretch, that cannot wake.]
t as thy Wiſdom gives in fitteſt meaſure;
ot all at once: It's meet we wait thy leiſure.
hought that things unſeen ſhould *pierce* and *melt*,
ith as great Paſſion as things *ſeen* and *felt*.
t now I find it is their proper part,
o be *moſt valu'd*, to be *next the Heart*;
o be the *higheſt Intereſt* of the *ſoul*;
ere to *command*, and all *things elſe controul*.
Thus muſt the little ſpark of fire be blown,
r elſe it will not flame, nor ſcarce be known;
ew-lighted Candles, darkened by the ſnuff,
re ready to go out with every puff:
it was long before the heav'nly ſpark
onquered my ſnuff, and ſhined in the dark:
ly feeble new-born ſoul began with crying:
ly Infant-life did ſeem to be ſtill dying:
etwixt ſupporting *Hope*, and ſinking *Fear*,
ly doubting ſoul did languiſh many years.
my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
by troubling Motions tend to Reſt above.
Thus GRACE like NATURE entreth in a *ſeed*;
Vhich with man's labour, heav'nly dews muſt feed:
Vhoſe *Virtue* and *firſt Motions* no eye ſees,
ut after comes to ripeneſs by degrees:
our Father's tender Love doth much appear,
Vhen he with uſeleſs crying Babes can bear:
Vhen we the Houſhold's grief and trouble are;
le ſhews the more his patient nurſing care.
t firſt I wiſht that *I could pray and weep*:
hus when I could not *go*, I learn'd to creep:
Then thou beganſt to looſe my Infant tongue;
nd taught'ſt me *Abba*, *Father*, when but young;

First by the Book, and some unworded groan
After by heart-indited words and moans.
Thy dyet first was Milk, then stronger food;
But always that which wholsom was and good.
Though Preachers were too often dry and dull
Thy holy Word was quick and powerful:
The many precious Books of holy men,
Thy Spirit used on me as his Pen:
Perkins, *Sibbs*, *Bolton*, *Whateley*, holy *Dod*,
Hildersham, *Preston*, other men of God,
How pertinently spake they to my case?
They open'd Heav'n and Hell before my face:
They did unfold the Gospel-Mysteries,
And set Christ crucified before my eyes:
They shamed sin; they shewed me the snare;
Opened the danger; charg'd me to beware.
In every duty they did me direct;
Told me the sin, and danger of neglect:
They search'd my heart; help'd me to try my
My earthly Mind they help'd to elevate:
What strong & quickening motives did they b
To raise my heart, and winde the slackned spri
These happy Counsellors were still at hand;
The Maps, and Landskips of the Holy Land.
This food was not lockt from me; but I could
Go read a holy Sermon when I would.
How cheaply kept I many Rare Divines?
And for a little purchas'd Golden Mines?
My griefs they eas'd; my many doubts resolv
With great delight I daily them revolv'd:
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Are these thy Candles? What's the Sun above!
At last my *Fears* became my greatest *Fear*,
Lest that my whole Religion should lie there:
No man hath more of *Holiness* than *Love!*
Which doth free souls by complacency move
Common Grace goes as far as *Fear alone*:
This catch not the meat, but gnaws the bone.

ſlaviſh fear deſireth leave to ſin:
doth but tie the hands, and waſh the skin.
ypocrites act a forc'd affected part:
here *Love* is abſent, God hath not the heart.
e'll not accept what's done againſt mens will,
hat if they durſt, had rather have done ill.
Oh my dear God! ſhall not my Heart be thine?
hen I ſhall wiſh it never had been mine.
bjects of *Senſe* do ſooneſt move the *Paſſion*:
ut ſure *Thou* haſt my higheſt *Eſtimation*;
y *Will*'s *Reſolved Choice* is to be *Thine*:
y *Soul* and *Body* I to *Thee* reſign:
o *Thee* the motions of my Soul do *bend*,
hou art the *Scope* to which my *Life* doth *tend*.
he motions of the higher Faculties,
he Ruling Powers are chiefeſt in thine Eyes:
hou tak'ſt the *Love* and *Homage* which *they* pay;
hough Rebel *Paſſion* doth not them obey:
What makes me laugh moſt, makes me not moſt glad
What made me *weep* moſt, made me not moſt ſad:
My Love to one choice Friend hath of more *paſſion*,
han my much greater Love to *Church* and *Nation*.
O had I all my Powers at command!
As readily as tongue, or foot, or hand!
My eyes ſhould empty firſt the ſerious ſtore,
Becauſe I love ſo good a God no more:
And next ſome of the florid blood ſhould ſpend,
Becauſe the God of Love I did offend.
The reſt ſhould ſerve for Oyl unto Loves Fire,
Waſting in wreſtleſs vehement deſire:
At every mention of thy bleſſed Name,
My raviſh'd Soul ſhould mount up in Loves Flame:
Each Sermon ſhould *Elias* Chariot be,
To carry up my longing heart to thee.
The Saints Aſſemblies I would make more bright,
Where many Heaven-aſpiring flames unite.
And when my Lords Love-ſufferings I read,
My pierced and love-wounded heart ſhould bleed.

Love

Love ſhould enforce each word when I do pray;
A Flaming Heart I'd on thy Altar lay:
When halving Hypocrites give Thee a part,
Love ſhould preſent my *Whole*, though *broken* heart.
When in thy World I read Love's Myſteries;
There I would ſweetly feed my greedy eyes.
Each Sacrament ſhould be an Euchariſt: (twiſt
There Heart with Heart, and Love with Love ſhould
My Friends and I would in our daily walk
Of Love's Delights and Entertainments talk:
My working Love ſhould others Love excite:
In Love I'd be a burning ſhining Light.
Love through the Lanthorn of my fleſh ſhould ſhine:
Who heard me ſpeak, ſhould hear that I am Thine;
Remembring that in Love I muſt be made
Equal to Angels; I would learn their Trade:
Yea, I would reach up to a higher ſhelf;
And as my Copy, look to Chriſt himſelf:
Love's work I'd do with all my diligence, *Mark.* 3. 20, 21.
Though men ſhould think I were beſide my ſenſe. 2 *Cor.* 5. 13.
My daily Love ſhould riſe befor the Sun,
And it in ſpeed and conſtancy out-run:
Love as my Life ſhould fill up all my days;
Deſire ſhould be my *Pulſe*; my *Breath* thy *Praiſe*.
And I would winde up all the ſtrings as high,
As Bleſſed *Paul* was in his Extaſie.
Heav'nly Love ſhould all my words indite,
And be the Soul and Senſe of all I write:
My Heart of Lov's delight ſhould ſweetly think,
I'd write with flaming fire inſtead of Ink:
And yet thy holy Day ſhould be my Beſt,
In it my thirſty Soul ſhould taſt of reſt;
My daily Food ſhould increaſe to a Feaſt.
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
O could I mount thus to the Flames above?

These are *Love*'s panting after thee, my God!
Though, with my *Soul*, imprison'd in a clod!
My *Soul* and *Love* shall shortly be set free;
And then my *Soul*, my *Love*, shall feast on *Thee*.
If thou wouldst grant the very thing I crave,
And give me leave to chuse what I would have;
Should it be lusts, or Sports, or Fleshly pleasure?
Should it be Lordly Rule, or Earthly Treasure?
No; I could gladly leave this Dirt to Swine,
And let the *World* be theirs, if *Thou* be mine!
I would not thirst to taste of their delight,
If lively Faith might see the blessed Sight!
I would not be ambitious of a Throne!
I could have full content in God alone.
For mens *Esteem* and *Praise* I would not care:
All other *Wit* and *Knowledge* I could spare:
To *Know* and *Love my God* should be my choice:
Give me but *This*, and how shall I rejoyce?
Under my hand, Lord, This is it I choose:
O give me this, whatever else I lose!
Is there no spark of Love in this *Desire*?
When a poor Soul doth unto Thee aspire?
To *Know* and *Love* thee is my thirst and strife.
Nothing more makes me weary of my life,
Than that I feel no more the heav'nly Fire,
But look and reach, and yet can reach no higher.
Here lyes my pain! This is my daily sore:
I hate my Heart for loving God no more.
Do I not *Love* Thee, when *I Love to Love Thee*?
And when I *set up nothing else above Thee*?
Next GOD himself, who is my END & REST,
Love which stands next Thee, I esteem my *Best*,
And *Loving God* shall be my Endless Feast.
O *my Dear God! how precious is thy Love*?
These are thy Earnests of the Life above.
Fear is to *Love*, as was the *Law* to *Grace*:
And as *John Baptist* goes before Christ's face,

Preaching Repentance, to prepares his way:
It is the first appearing of the Day:
The dawning Light which comes before the Sun
As he that to Christ's Sepulchre first run,
Excites the LOVED Disciple to do better;
The certain news of Life comes by the later.
Fear is Love's Harbinger: It is the womb,
Where Love doth breed till time of ripeness come
No wonder if it be not seen till then:
The Seed and Embrio are hid from men.
Though Thou com'st in by Love, Fear draws the latch
Fear makes the motion, tho Love makes the match
Fear is the soil that cherisheth the seed;
The Nursery in which Heav'ns Plants do breed.
God first in *Nature* finds *Self-Love*, and there
He takes advantage to implant his *Fear*.
With some the time is long before the Earth
Disclose her young one by a Springy Birth:
When Heav'n doth make our Winter sharp & long
The seed of Love lies hid, or seems but young:
But when God makes it Spring-time, his approach
Takes from the barren Soul its great reproach;
When Heav'ns reviving Smiles and Raies appear,
Then Love begins to spring up above Fear:
And if sin hinder not by cursed shade,
It quickly shoots up to a youthful blade:
And when Heav'ns warmer beams & dews succeed
That's ripened fruit which e'en now was but seed:
Yet doth not flowring fruitful Love forget
Her Nursing *Fear*; there still her Root is set:
In Humble Self-denyal under-trod,
While Flowers and Fruit are growing up to God
After Love's Birth-Day, holy *Fear* and *Care*
The *outward Part* of the *New-creature* are.
As mortal man consists of *Flesh* and *Soul*,
So *Fear* and *Love*, on Earth, do make one *Whole*.
Love as the *Soul*, tho seen, yet bears the sway:
Fear, as the *Flesh*, more *felt*, must it obey.

By *Fear*, *Love* doth the daring Flesh refrain,
And keepeth men awake by threatned pain.
This frame is mortal: Not that *Love* can dye;
But leaving *Fears*, will dwell alone on high:
Yet will retain a *Reverent Fear* of God;
But not the terrour of his Wrath or Rod.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
How wise thy Methods to the Life above?
Thou first appear'dst in Lightning, as to *Paul*:
My heat abated, at thy feet I fall.
The voice with which thy Call thou didst begin,
Was to convince me, and reprove my sin:
I first enquired of thee, who thou art?
And then, what duty thou hadst made my part:
Thus *Fear* and *Care* began; but the sweet Name
Of *Jesus* did reviving *Hope* proclaim.
And though long time it scarcely did appear,
Yet sure some hidden spark of *Love* was there.
I lov'd thy *Holy Word*; *Good Books* were sweet,
Those that did with my own condition meet:
Heart-searching *Ministers* were my delight,
Those that did most my drowsie Soul excite.
I dearly loved all in whom I saw
A Love to Thee, and Care to keep thy Law:
The speech and sight of Holy men was sweet:
I honour'd them, and could have kist their feet.
I felt their living words go to the quick,
When common idle prating made me sick.
I dearly lov'd my serious bosom friend,
Who did in Love my failings reprehend;
That could my doubting troubled mind condole,
And help to keep awake my sleepy Soul:
Who could unfold the Mysteries of Grace,
And speak particularly to my case;
Sweetly disclosing his experience;
Extolling Mercy from his own deep sense;
One that had been instructed by the Rod,
And boiled over in the Praise of God:

Who early (and oft in the night) would riſe,
To offer Thee a Thankful Sacrifice :
Who warm'd me with his Zeal when I was cold ;
And my remiſſneſs lovingly controul'd ;
Who ſtirr'd me up, and taught me how to pray ;
And friendly watcht and warn'd me every day.
And yet his Piety did not exceed
His Charity, to thoſe that were in need.
For ſuch a friend I had ; though after all,
Himſelf became my warning by his fall ;
As more than One or Two have done ſince then ;
Shewing, when Grace withdraws, we are but Men.
O my Dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?
Theſe are the ſeeds : what are the fruits above ?
Yet did I ſcarce diſcern that it was *Thee.*
Whom in the *Glaſs* my *pleaſed Mind* did ſee :
But though thine *Image* more incur my *ſenſe*,
I love it for the pourtrayd excellence :
It's not becauſe the Workmanſhip is *fine*,
But *Good* and *Holy* ; and becauſe it's *Thine.*
I *better know* the *Map* that's in my hand :
But yet, by it, I *better Love* the *Land.*
Sure when I lov'd thy *Books*, and every letter ;
I lov'd the *Senſe*, and *End*, and *Author* better.
He loveth Wiſdom ſure, who loves the Wiſe :
It's like he loves the Light, who loves his Eyes.
If one in Priſon had his life begun,
Where he had never ſeen the ſhining Sun ;
Yet if he dearly love the Candle-light,
He'd ſurely love the Sun, which is more bright.
Or if the Sun had always clouded been,
And men its ſcattered Light alone had ſeen ;
It's true, our Thoughts and Love of that we ſee,
Would more exact and ſatisfying be :
But to the *unſeen Cauſe*, as it is *Better*,
Our *Love of Eſtimation* would be Greater.
And even a Knowledge general and dark,
Would be the *Chooſer* of our *End* and *Mark.*

That

That Lov's moſt *ſenſible*, which Senſe doth breed ;
But that *Commands*, which Faith and Reaſon feed :
The *Country* than the *Map*, I muſt confeſs,
Is much *leſs known* ; but is not *known as leſs*.
A *Great* and *Certain Object* ſhould do more,
Though *darkly known*, than *trifles* at my *door* :
An *Unſeen Kingdom* would with men prevail,
To leave their Native place, and hoiſe up ſail,
And venture over ſtormy boiſterous Seas : (pleaſe.
Which ſhews that *great things*, tho *unſeen*, moſt
No wonder if the Knowledge be moſt clear,
Of little things which to the ſenſe are near ;
Theſe narrow parcels we can comprehend,
When *unſeen Greatneſs* doth the mind tranſcend :
But yet *This* moves the Wheels, and is the *Spring*,
Before the neareſt ſight of ſome ſmall thing.
That is *moſt Loved*, which I make my *End* ;
To which my great deſigns and actions tend ;
For which I can all other Treaſure ſpend,
Although I do it darkly apprehend.
O my Dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?
Unveiled fully to thy Saints above ?

As fire firſt kindleth on the neareſt Wood,
My ſenſe thus fixed on the neareſt good :
And where ſenſe fixed, there with greateſt ſenſe
The mind did exerciſe its Complacence.
It ſeem'd more cold to that which diſtant was ;
Yet ſtill looks further as I forward paſs :
And towards my End, the nearer Heav'n I go,
My Love abſtracteth more from things below.
Love ſeemeth to get ground, and Fear decaies ;
Doubting and Grief give place to Thanks & Praiſe.
And tho Fear wrought with greateſt ſenſe before,
And was in bulk and violence much more ;
Yet the leaſt ſpark of Love which is ſincere,
Will ſave the Soul, tho mixt with greater Fear :
Who loves God ſomewhat, & the world above him ;
Loving not *God as God*, he doth *not love him*

Love must be so far tryed by the *measure*,
That *God* be Lov'd above all earthly Treasure:
But that suppos'd the least degree of Love,
With greater Doubts and Fears will saving prove.
Great Bodies with small souls are animate:
Great Heads with little Eyes, are oculate.
Small Candles lighten Rooms that are more large.
A Steward may have spacious Lands in charge.
The Kindom may be bigger than the King:
The Diamond may be smaller than the Ring:
The House may bigger than the dweller be:
Great Fear and *little Love*, consistent be.
But still true Love to God and Man are known,
More by the *Fruits*, than by the *Sense* alone.
It must be such a Love, as when there's need,
Will venture, suffer, visit, cloath and feed.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Which gently leads us to the Joys above?

Love still went on, and lined out my way,
Hedging me in, lest I should go astray:
Yet after this how oft did I transgress?
By light discourse, and wanton playfulness;
Eating to fulness; Yea, even Cards and Dice,
Began my mind with pleasure to entice.
But providence did quickly interpose,
And by a wonder take me off from those.
Sin most ensnar'd by pleading lawfulness;
Though Conscience often did the sin confess:
That wounded deepest which by seeming small,
Drew me to venture, and resist thy Call;
And knowingly the same oft to commit,
Thinking all Christians had as great as it.
Let all that would not be undone by sin,
Fly the occasions where it doth begin.
At first it's safe and pleasant to resist.
But O how doleful is it to persist?
Sin doth not open its design at first:
It's first appearance sheweth not the worst:

Flatter-

Flattering the ſenſe, it ſeems to be a Friend;
But it proves pain and poiſon in the end.
Pray from Temptation that you may be free,
If from the evil you would ſaved be.
Repentance muſt convince you that its gall,
Which firſt appeared innocent or ſmall.
O how it fills the Soul with guilty fears!
Our filial Evidences blaſts and tears?
Diſturbs our Peace, and feeds the gnawing Worm?
Turns our Tranquility into a ſtorm?
It puts a piercing ſting into the Croſs,
And makes Death dreadful as the greateſt loſs.
Yet all my folly Mercy did forgive,
And did my guilty wounded Soul relieve.
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Heal me, and fit me for the Joys above.

Thy Love in order to its well-known Ends,
Shew'd me great mercy in meet Guides and Friends:
Antient and grave Divines, ſolid and ſtaid,
Who from experience both preach'd and pray'd:
Learned, yet counting Chriſtianity
The chiefeſt Learning and Philoſophy.
Theſe as the Fathers of my untaught Youth,
Were willing to communicate the Truth.
Their help and fruitful converſe was my ſtay,
And great encouragement in all my way:
More pleaſant to me than my youthful games:
My Love doth grudgingly ſuppreſs their Names.
The company thou gav'ſt me was not vain,
Not proud or factious, ſenſual or profane:
But ſerious, ſober, and obedient,
Whoſe time was in their peaceful labours ſpent:
Humble and meek, who made it their diſcourſe,
To ſtir up Faith, and penitent remorſe.
Minding the *Loweſt*, and the *Higheſt* things;
Not medling buſily with States and Kings.
Making thy holy Word their chief delight,
And meditating in it Day and Night:

Spending thy day in works of holineſs;
Hating prophaneneſs, lewdneſs and exceſs:
Content with little, yet aſpiring high;
Sparing no pains for immortality:
Low in the world; but for ſalvation wiſe;
Though ſcorn'd by faithleſs fools as too preciſe.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Such thou wilt take to dwell with Thee above.

Thy Mercy did my younger Studies guide:
Sweet leiſure and meet Books thou didſt provide;
And that I might thy Love the better ſee,
My Tutor thou thy ſelf was pleas'd to be:
As Hony-combs are made by patient Bees,
Who fetch the matter home by ſlow degrees,
In many days, and from a thouſand Flowers,
Not perfecting their Work in a few hours:
So taughtſt thou me to wait the Learning time,
Not reaching firſt at matters too ſublime;
Few to maturity of knowledge grow,
Who think they know, before indeed they know.
Thou didſt improve the thirſty Love of Truth,
Which thou haſt given me even in my youth.
My Labours thou mad'ſt eaſie by delight:
Each days ſucceſs did to the next invite.
But O the happy method of thy Grace!
Which gave my own Salvation the firſt place!
And firſt reſolv'd me of the utmoſt end,
Which all my after Studies muſt intend:
Shewing me firſt, *Why*, and *For what* I muſt
Lay out my Studies, that they be not loſt:
Unhappy men! who follow baſe deſigns,
And are not Chriſtians, when they are Divines!
O that an *Impious Divine* were rare!
Although the terms a contradiction are.
Alas in what a *blind* and *trembling* State,
Should I all day have at my ſtudies ſate,
And with how little joy, or hope of gains,
If I had ſtudy'd ſtill in Satans chains?

O

O fooliſh Studies! to conſider how
The Earth is fixed, and the Plants do grow?
What is each creatures ſpecifying cauſe?
And what are all their Orders and their Laws?
When thy own ſaving-change is to begin!
And thou haſt yet no pardon of thy ſin?
When all the while thou art a Son of Wrath,
Who to Eternal Life no title hath?
When in thy flow'ring Studies thou muſt die,
And be undone to all Eternity?
Who would be playing at a childiſh game,
While his own Houſe is in a burning flame?
What if I knew whether the Earth or Sun
So ſwift and unperceiv'd a courſe doth run?
Or knew the courſe and order of the ſphears?
Or were beſt skill'd in numbering paſt years?
Knew all the Houſes of the ſtarry Sky?
And things that are for common wits too high?
What if I knew all theſe never ſo well?
And knew not how to ſcape the flames of Hell?
What gain or pleaſure would my knowledge be?
If I the face of God muſt never ſee?
Or what if I could fool away my time,
In ſmooth and well compoſed idle Rhyme?
Or dreaming Lovers Fancies could rehearſe,
In the moſt lofty and adorned Verſe?
While my unholy Soul, in fleſhly thrall,
Should be lamenting its own Funeral?
But when my Soul had fixt on God her *End*,
Then all my Studies unto him did tend.
They all were order'd in due place and ſeaſon,
Guided by Faith, allowed by ſound Reaſon:
Thou taughſt me firſt the only *Needful Thing*;
And all my Studies harp'd ſtill on that ſtring:
Judging the greateſt Knowledge to be vain,
Which tendeth not to the immortal gain.
There is a Knowledge which increaſeth ſorrow,
And ſuch whoſe fruit will die before to morrow:

Yea, there's a knowledge which occasions sin:
Desire of knowing did Man's woe begin:
All means are to be judg'd of by their End:
That's good which doth good, or doth good po
Its End and Objects which ennoble acts: (tr
Those that *do glorious things* are *glorious facts*.
Who calls a self-condemning Sinner, *Wise*,
That on a syllable can criticize;
That can in mode and figure talk in vain;
Or learnedly his pride and sin maintain;
That's best at the resolving of a Riddle,
Or playing on a Bag-pipe, or a Fiddle:
But hath not learned how to Lived and Die,
Nor where his Soul must dwell eternally?
God and all wise men judge him but a Fool,
Who is not wise enough to save his Soul. (go
When Heaven's made sure, all Knowledg then i
For Faith and Love can turn it into food:
It's pleasant then to study any Book,
When we see GOD the sense, where ere we loo
When as the way to Heav'n we know each place
And see God's beauty in each Creature's face:
And when we stick not in the form and letter,
But all our knowledge tends to make us better.
When still the more we Know, the more we Lo
And draw more with us to the Joys above.
Fine Fancies are not like *clear minds*; nor those
Like *Love*, by which the Soul with God doth clo
Wisdom in self will make the Mind most wise.
He that ascends to *God*, doth Highest rise.
Sure *Pisgah* was *Parnassus*, or the Mount,
Where three Apostles did three Glories count:
Christs living Streams are the true Helicon:
None make true Poets but Heav'ns Springs alone.
What poor, low, toyish work make frothy wits
Like *Bacchus* Scholars in their Pot-wise fits.
Like Childrens Poppets dress't with Lace and Pin
Like handsom Pictures; something wants within

A painted Feast, carv'd with a painted Knife:
A *Living Soul* can *feel* it wanteth *Life*.
Without a *Holy Subject*, *End* and *Spirit*,
True Wisdom's sacred Titles none can merit.
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
These are the drops; what are the streams above?
Immortal thanks my Soul doth owe my God;
For his well-order'd needful healing Rod:
The *Book* and *Rod* do well befit thy School;
Correction is the portion of the Fool:
The *Rod it self* will make the *Sluggard* rise:
The *Rod* and *Book* make *foolish Children* wise:
I felt or fear'd no evil at the first,
But my Soul's misery, which is the worst:
Whilst for a Soul-remedy I did look,
Thy angry storm my Body overtook:
Languishing weakness shortens strength and breath;
Consumes my flesh, and threatens speedy death:
And what I felt reviv'd the fears of more:
For now my Judgment seemed at the door:
I knew not but it might be a foretast
Of greater woe which I might feel at last:
My new awakened Soul amazed was,
To think that unto Judgment it must pass,
And see the unseen World; and stand before
The dreadful God, whom Heaven and Earth adore!
I was unready to behold thy face,
Having no more assurance of thy Grace!
Having but lately too familiar been,
With my seducing Flesh, and hateful sin:
My Thoughts of Thee were terrible and strange!
And of so great and an untimely change!
The threatned ruine I did thus condole;
O must my scarce-born, unprepared Soul
Before my dreadful Judge so soon appear!
And the decisive final Sentence hear!
And all my Reckonings so soon bring in!
And give account to God for every sin?

Before

Before I do my Soul's condition know,
Or any ſealed pardon have to ſhew.
What if I prove an unconverted Wretch?
And Juſtice ſhould my Soul to torments fetch?
How know I but the endleſs flames of Hell,
May be the place where next my Soul ſhall dwell?
Mercy would ſave me; but I did reject it:
Chriſts Blood would cleanſe me; but I did neglect it.
And though I am not hopeleſs, who can bear
To die uncertain under ſo great fear?
O that my time had all been better ſpent!
And that my early Thoughts had all been bent
In preparation for the Life to come;
That now I might have gone as to my home:
And taken up my dwelling with the bleſt!
And paſt to everlaſting Joy and Reſt!
O that the pleaſures of my ſports and toyes
Had all been turn'd to man-like holy joys!
And thoſe Delights, which Vanities engroſs'd,
And ſpent on fleſhly Luſt, were worſe than loſt:
Had all been ſweet Rejoycings in the Lord!
And in his holy Service and his Word!
O that I could my waſted Time call back!
Which now my Soul for greater works doth lack;
What would I give now for thoſe precious days,
Which once run out in pleaſures and delaies?
O had I liv'd a ſtrict and holy Life,
Though under hatred and malicious ſtrife!
Though Men's and Devil's fury I had born,
And been the Worlds reproach, contempt & ſcorn!
Then welcom Death would but have quencht my
And bid the *envious world* now do their worſt, (thirſt
Their malice would but to my Joys accrew,
And well-ſpent Time be ſweet to my review
O happy men whoſe portion is above!
Whoſe Hearts to God and to his Service clove!
Who made him and his Word their chief delight,
And walkt in uprightneſs, as in his ſight!

Ap-

pprov'd their hearts and ways to him alone!
ready to appear before his Throne!
ow I had rather far be one of them,
han one of worldly Wealth, or Princely Stem.
now my undreſs'd Soul is paſſing forth,
ee both what the *World* and *Chriſt* are worth.
Thus did the face of *Death* my Soul awake;
he bonds of dead ſtupidity it brake!
rict, holy Truth I eaſily confeſs'd:
aw that *Godlineſs* is not a jeſt.
y late beſotted mind is now paſt doubt,
hat Folly's careleſs, *Wiſdom* is devout:
aw more clearly than I did before,
hat lies on an ungodly Sinners ſcore?
r what man's powers were made; what is their uſe?
o what all means and mercies do conduce?
hat is man's buſineſs while he's here below?
ow much his Creatures to their Maker owe?
hether the *Saint* or *Brute* be in the right?
hether it's beſt to live by Faith or ſight?
hat is true Wit? what Learning's moſt ſublime?
ow I and all ſhould value precious Time?
aw it's not a thing indifferent,
hether my Soul to Heaven or Hell be ſent.
Death alſo further taught me how to pray,
nd made me cry unto thee every day;
ſet me on the trying of my ſtate,
ſt I ſhould prove deceiv'd when 'twas too late.
ften and carefully I ſearcht my heart,
hether in Chriſt by Faith I had a part?
ſhew'd me ſo much work to do at home,
hat alien needleſs matters found ſmall room.
curb'd my Pride, and bury'd my Ambition;
ade me not only bear a low condition;
t chuſe it; and all things to eſtimate,
God, my Soul, and Heav'n ſhould ſet the rate.
r now, as clearly as I ſaw the Sun,
rw in lines which they may read that run,

That

That *Endleſs* things are *All*, when we compare,
And tranſitory trifles *Nothing* are:
That *Worldlings* in their *ſleep* do talk and go,
And all their *lives* are but a *dreaming ſhew*:
Only the *true Believer* lives awake,
And doth not ſpend his days in meer miſtake:
That all who are not *Saints*, are worſe than *Brutes*.
Theſe, O my Father! were thy Rod's firſt-fruits.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thus we rebound up to the Joys above.

Long thus before my God I lay proſtrate,
Begging for healing mercy at his gate!
And for ſome longer time, to know his Truth,
And not unripe to wither in my Youth!
I begg'd that haſty Death he would delay,
And would not ſnatch me unprepar'd away.
I promiſed his mercies to rehearſe,
If he the dreadful Sentence would reverſe.
Could I have hop'd for *Hezekiah*'s years,
I ſhould no more than he, have ſpared tears.
Yet hath thy Mercy granted me ſince then,
More than thrice five, yea more than four times ten
My moan thou pity'dſt, and my cries didſt hear:
Delaying Death; not taking off my fear:
The threatning malady thou didſt abate;
And into many others didſt tranſlate;
Which gave me hope of ſome preparing ſpace;
But none that Earth would prove a Reſting place.
Appointing me to ſerve in gentle Chains,
In wholſom ſickneſs, and in healing pains!
So great as might my head-ſtrong thoughts reſtrain
From running after things terrene and vain:
Yet were they not ſo great as to make leſs,
My Service, or my ſober chearfulneſs:
O what a happy mixture didſt thou make!
How meet a courſe did thy wiſe Mercy take?
This was the pregnant bleſſing, kept for ſtore,
Which multiply'd into a thouſand more!

Which hath run parallel with all my days;
For which I owe thee everlasting praise:
Too great for Volumes; too high for a Verse:
And therefore endless Life must them rehearse.

1. *A Life still near to Death*, did me possess
With a deep sense of Time's great preciousness.
To lose an hour I thought a greater loss,
Than much of sordid worldlings golden dross.
I thought them mad that cast their time away,
Being uncertain of another day.
That idly prate, and play, and feast, and drink,
So near Eternity's most dreadful brink!
With filthy, guilty Souls, unjustifi'd;
Undone for evermore if thus they dy'd.
O! thought I, where is these men's brains and sense,
Who care no more whither they go from hence?
Pastime I thought worse than a *Bedlam* word:
The Name and Thing my very Soul abhorr'd.

2. This methodiz'd my Studies to my gain;
Sham'd the contending, jingling, formal vein:
The greatest matters it did first impose:
Necessity my Book and Lesson chose:
I study'd first to save my self and others;
What edifi'd my own Soul and my Brothers:
Thence to the Branches I in order clime;
First *Few and Great*, next *Many, Small, Sublime.*
I nere preferr'd to *Talk*, before, *to Eat*,
Words, before *Things*, the *Dish* before the *Meat*:
And yet I love and value all the rest:
My curious mind would fain have known the least:
But knowing Life's too short to reach to all,
I left till last the needless things and small.

3. The frequent sight of Death's most awful face,
Rebuk'd my sloth, and bid me mend my pace!
Thou knew'st my dulness needed such a spur;
So prone was I to trifle and demur.
Who dare his Soul for gain or pleasure sell,
That lives as in the sight of Heav'n and Hell?

4. This

4. This call'd me out to work while it was day;
And warn poor Souls to Turn without delay:
Resolving speedily thy Word to preach;
With *Ambrose*, I at once did Learn and Teach.
Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win mens Souls did strive.
I Preach'd, as never sure to Preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
O how should Preachers Men's Repenting crave,
Who see how near the Church is to the Grave?
And see that while we Preach and Hear, we Die,
Rapt by swift Time to vast Eternity!
What Statues, or what Hypocrites are they,
Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray?
As if they feared wakening the Dead!
Or were but lighting sinners to their Bed!
Who speak of Heaven and Hell as on a Stage!
And make the Pulpit but a Parrot's Cage?
Who teach as men that care not much who learns;
And preach in jest to men that sin in earns.
Surely God's Messenger, if any man,
Should speak with all the seriousness he can;
Who treateth in the Name of the Most High,
About the matters of Eternity!
Who must prevail with Sinners *Now* or *Never*,
As those that must be saved *Now*, if *Ever*:
When Sinners endless Joy or Misery,
On the success of his endeavours lie!
Though God be free, he works by Instruments,
And wisely fitteth them to his intents.
A proud unhumbled Preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet:
So are the blind to tell Men what God saith,
And faithless Men to propagate the Faith.
The Dead are unfit means to raise the Dead;
And Enemies to give the Children Bread:
And utter strangers to the life to come,
Are not the best Conductors to our home:

They that yet never learn'd to *Live* and *Die*,
Will ſcarcely teach it others feelingly:
Or if they ſhould preach others to ſalvation,
Unhappy men that preach their own damnation.
How oft did I come down with ſhame and grief!
Not that I was ſo homely, or ſo brief;
But that my own Soul was no more awake,
And felt no more the things of which I ſpake!
That God was nam'd with no more reverence;
Nor ſinnners pity'd with a deeper ſenſe:
That cloſer warnings did not pierce men's Ears,
Set home by greater fervency and tears:
And that my ſpeeches were ſo cold and ſlight,
About things of unutterable weight;
And that I ſpake with no more ſerioufneſs,
When Heav'n or Hell attended the ſucceſs:
As one that ſees by Faith the *Joyes* and *Woes*,
To which the godly and the wicked goes.
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
How ſhould we prize and ſeek the Joys above?
Thy Methods croſt my ways: my young deſire
To Academick Glory did aſpire:
Fain I'd have ſat in ſuch a Nurſes Lap,
Where I might long have had a ſluggard's nap:
Or have been dandled on her reverend knees;
And known by honoured Titles and Degrees;
And there have ſpent the flower of my days,
In ſoaring in the Air of humane praiſe:
Yea, and I thought it needful to *thy* Ends,
To make the prejudiced world my friends;
That ſo *my praiſe* might go before *thy grace*,
Preparing Men the meſſage to embrace;
Alſo my Work and Office to adorn,
And to avoid prophane contempt and ſcorn.
But theſe were not thy thoughts; thou didſt foreſee
That ſuch a courſe would not be beſt for me:
Thou mad'ſt me know that men's contempt & ſcorn
Is ſuch a Croſs as muſt be daily born:

Thy

Thy Mercy would not have me ſplendid droſs;
A Miniſter of *Pomp*; but of the *Croſs*:
That Croſs which Hypocrites may *Preach* & *Hea*
But all that follow Chriſt muſt alſo *bear*.
No Honour muſt I have to bring to thee,
But what thou firſt communicat'ſt to me.
In founding of thy Church, thou didſt declare
How well all worldly Honours thou couldſt ſpar
Both in the Chief moſt bleſſed Corner Stone,
And in the moſt of thoſe that built thereon: (th
And what great ſwelling Names have done ſi
Church-Rents and Ruins write without a Pen:
High Titles as the firſt inchanting Cup,
Caſt down the Church by lifting of it up.
Titles reflect on Minds. Theſe muſt be low:
By humble Love all muſt thy Servants know:
Yet I deny not but a perfect mind,
May more advantage here than danger find:
Thy Soil is oft manured by ſuch dung.
I'le Honour give to whom it doth belong;
It may be ſafe to others; but to me
'Twas beſt from ſuch Temptations to be free:
Let my preferment lye in *ſerving all*:
While I ſit low, I have not far to fall.
Keep me from the *Temptations* of the Devil!
For *ſo* thou doſt *deliver us from Evil*.
My youthful Pride and Folly now I ſee,
That grudg'd for want of Titles and Degree.
That bluſh'd with ſhame when this defect
known,
And an inglorious Name could hardly own,
Attempting to have hid it twice or thrice,
With vile equivocations next to lies.
And to thy Methods was unreconcil'd,
Becauſe I was not *Rabbi*, Doctor, ſtyl'd.
Forgive this Pride; and break the Serpent's bo
Pluck up the poiſonous Root, till none remain.

Give me the Wisdom; Ple not beg the Fame:
Grant me the thing; let others take the name.
Give me the Learning, and it is no harm,
If thou shalt place me in the lowest Form.
Honour are shadows, which from seekers fly;
But follow after those who them deny.
I brought none with me to thy work; but there
I found more than I easily could bear:
Although thou wouldst not give me what I would, } Matt. 20.21.
Thou gavest me the promis'd hundred-fold. } Matt. 19.29.

O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thy ways, not ours, lead to the Joys above.

The Third Part.

THE wondrous Mercy of my bounteous Lord,
Which sent me forth to Preach his sacred Word,
Prepar'd my way, and call'd me to the place,
Where I must first proclaim his Saving Grace:
All things thou suitedst fitly to my need,
Giving me freedom, season, ground and seed:
Poor thirsty Souls, attend with greedy Ear,
Crowding in multitudes thy Word to hear:
Thy Mercy opening so wide a door,
Gave some first-fruits betimes, and hopes of more.
The various places where my Lot did fall,
Were all appointed to me by thy Call.
I never was to any of them brought,
By the Direction of my own forethought:
Much less was ever any by me sought;
And least of all, by price or bargain bought.
I here found cause of one place to repent,
Although my sins in all I must lament.)

None

None were foreseen ; yet after seen to reason,
To be the fittest for the work and season.
But among all, none did so much abound
With fruitful mercies, as that barren ground,
Where I did make my best and longest stay,
And bore the heat and burden of the day ;
Mercies grew thicker there than Summer-flowers,
They over-numbered my days and hours :
There was my dearest Flock, and special Charge.
Our hearts in mutual love thou didst enlarge :
'Twas there that merey did my Labours bless
With the most great and wonderful success.
Yet there were Sons of *Belial*, whose Rage
Reason with Truth and Love could not asswage :
Who lov'd and hated, just as Satan bid them ;
Rul'd by the Reins of Lust by him that rid them
In swinish drunkenness they drown'd their wits:
Most furious in their rude tumultuous fits.
As Boars or Stags, at other times more tame,
When lustful heats their blood and brains inflame
Fiercely assault such as stand in the way ;
None's safe before them till their Heats decay :
So doth the love of revellings and sport,
Poor brutish fleshly sinners so transport,
That ragingly they fly in that man's face,
Who doth by sacred Truth their sin disgrace :
And as in Armies Drums and Trumpets sound,
The frightful Cries of wounded men to drown'd,
And even the fearful in the furious crowd
Are carry'd on to Death through streams of Blood
So those ensnared youths, who formerly,
Out of the Rout, retain'd some modesty,
Conjoyned with the Rabble, did as they ;
The common fury and their Lusts obey :
Run with the Herd : Mirth and the Rabbles noise
Drown Reason's Plea, and God's reclaiming voice
Death is forgot : Conscience can not be heard.
Hell and Damnation now are little fear'd :

They have their curſe, and their own ſentence paſs:
Away with *Jeſus!* give us *Barabbas!*
Away with Preachers, who diſturb our game!
Talk not of Judgment: let us bear the blame!
Whilſt grieved Preachers can but wiſh and groan,
O that your day of mercy you had known!
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Which looks on ſuch with pity from above?
Now *England*'s horrid Civil Wars began,
When God a ſinful Nation meant to fan.
When ſin grown high and bold, out-fac'd the Light;
When Pride and Faction pleaded Divine Right.
When moſt their Love, and ſome their Patience loſt;
When proud malicious men muſt not be croſs'd:
When wiſe men ſeemed fools, and fools ſeem'd wiſe;
And when the worſt were beſt in their own eyes?
When Piety with *Lazarus* was loath'd;
And ſin with Purple and fine Linnen cloath'd:
And when the ſacred Tribe, deſpiſing Souls,
Through love of wealth & honour blow'd the coals!
When *Demas* for the world deſerted *Paul*;
And their own matters were firſt ſought by all:
When they that ſought their good things in this life
Had baniſh'd Love, and fill'd the Church with ſtrife!
Where ſtriving Factions Charity defy'd,
And carnal Councils did the Church divide!
When ſwiniſh Gadarens did Chriſt refuſe,
And the prophane his Servants did abuſe.
When Holineſs the common Foe was deem'd,
And nothing more intolerable ſeem'd.
When Holy Truth and Preachers were deſpiſd;
And wicked means to caſt them out deviſ'd.
When ſin preſum'd to make a mock of Grace,
And folly ſpit reproaches in Chriſts Face;
When Vulgar Rage had found this common vent;
And impious ſcorn on Godlineſs was ſpent:
When ſin was not ſo much oppos'd as God,
Then were we ready for the bloody Rod.

When those sins reign'd that must not now be nam'd
But by Heaven's Justice shall at last be sham'd.
When vile condemned vanities and crimes
Became the reverend Virtues of the Times,
Then God in Judgment sat to plead his Cause,
And judge the proud Despisers of his Laws.
Banished *Love* doth festerd hearts forsake:
Blindness, suspicions, wrath possession take:
Each man unto the fire his Fagot brought,
And each against another quarrels sought.
The whirlwind in the North did first arise,
And raise the dust which troubled English Eyes.
And though Heav'ns mercy there prevented blood,
The Irish fury shed a crimson flood.
The French blood shew'd the temper of the Nation,
Their *Faith* and *Thirstfulness* keep Moderation,
Their *Bartholomews* hot dog-days thirst had cost,
* Thirty or forty thousand lives at most. } * *Thuanus*, *Davila*.
But *Ireland*'s Romish Zeal was hotter far,
And in their preparation to a War,
* Two hundred thousand they surpriz'd and slew, } * *Earl of Orrery's Answer to Petition.*
Not that their *Will* so small a measure knew.
But here God check'd their *Power*, and heard the cries
Of dying Innocents, which pierce the Skies:
England affrighted by her Neighbours harm,
Threatned to be the next, takes the Allarm,
As Citizens that see a raging flame
Threaten the Neighbours houses with the same,
Do leave their Trades, and all together run,
Trying to quench the Fire where it begun;
And then pull down the houses which adjoyn;
Some seek to save the goods, some to unite:
The well-built Piles, and curious Rooms must do
To buy the Safety of the fearful Town,

A Neighbour's houſe is uſed like a Foe's,
Becauſe the Fire, the Hook, no diff'rence knows,
Fear pulleth down the next, to ſave the moſt,
A ruins more than needs, leſt all be loſt.
Smoak and confuſed crouds do blind men's eyes,
All are amaz'd, with hideous flames and cryes;
So *England*, too combuſtible before,
Seeing ſo great a flame ſo near her door,
Was frighted into ſuch Convulſion Fits,
As firſt did break her Peace, and next her Wits.
Dangers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring;
The Bees to ſave their Honey uſe their ſting;
Rowzed in angry Swarm they ſeek their Foe,
The next they meet muſt feel the ſmarting blow.

Cætera deſunt, præſunt, adſunt.

I purpoſed to have recited the moſt notable mercies of my Life, in continuing this Hymn of Thanksgiving to my gracious God; but the quality of the Subject, and the Ages Impatience ſtopt me here, and I could go no further, and my painful and ſpiritleſs Age is now unfit for Poetry. And the matter is ſo large, as would have made the Volume big.

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3. The Reſolution.

PSAL. 119. 96.

Written when I was ſilenced and caſt out, &c.

LORD, I have caſt up the Account
What it will coſt to come to thee:
I find to what it will amount
A ſerious Chriſtian to be.

When

When Flesh was weighing, thou put'st in
Thy Love, and the Eternal Crown,
Against a Feather, and a Sin:
And yet it thought these weigh'd thee down.

Fool, as I was, I took its word,
And chose what *Flesh* did recommend:
How could I more have wrong'd my Lord?
Or more his Love and Name offend?
It had been wiser to have thought,
The Earth is weigh'd down by a Fly:
Than to prefer a thing of nought
Before the Love of the *Most High*.

I see now what False Scales can do,
In a deceitful partial hand:
I will no more believe a Foe;
But to the Holy Covenant stand.
1. *Will Friends turn Foes?* That cannot be:
They were my greatest Foes before,
That would have kept my Soul from thee,
Their Malice now can do no more.

I'll bid these cruel Friends farewel:
Even Satan would be such a Friend;
He'd please and flatter me to Hell:
And thither doth their friendship tend.
He wants not Friends that hath thy Love,
And may converse, and walk with thee:
And with thy Saints *here* and above;
With whom for ever I must be.

In the Communion of Saints,
Is Wisdom, Safety and Delight;
And when my heart declines and faints,
It's raised by their Heat and Light.
Thy Spirit in them speaks and prays:
Their speech is holy, clean, and quick:
Dead-hearted fools talk but of toys:
Their speech and mirth even makes me sick.

2. *Must Lies and Slanders me defame?*
That Innocence may not be known?
Must proud men's malice blot my Name,
With Epithets that are their own?
Thou justify'st when Men accuse,
Thou'lt answer all the spite of tongues,
And do them right whom men abuse,
And plenteously repair their wrongs.

It's no great matter what *Men* deem,
Whether they count me good or bad!
In their applause and best esteem,
There's no contentment to be had.
I stand not to the the Bar of Man;
It's thy displeasure makes me sad:
My thoughts and actions thou wilt scan:
If thou approve me, I am glad.

3. *Must I before the Ruling Power*
Be call'd with shame to plead my Cause?
And judged as an evil-doer,
And as a breaker of their Laws?
So was the Lord of Life accus'd,
Slander'd and scorn'd with cruel spight!
And as a malefactor us'd,
And one that claimed *Cæsar*'s right.

False witness cloudeth Innocence:
Truth seemeth conquer'd by a Lie.
Patience forbears a just defence;
And Life it self is judg'd to die.
Methinks I see thee cloath'd with scorn;
And spit upon, and buffeted;
And crowned with the piercing Thorn;
Away to execution led.

It most amazeth me to think
Thou bearest the repute of *Sin!*
The bitter Cup which thou didst drink,
Had nothing bitterer therein.

The Sun did well to hide his face,
When *Sin* did *Righteousness* eclipse:
And the most Just is with disgrace
A *Sinner* judg'd by sinners Lips.

Thy steps, Lord, in this dirt I see;
And lest my Soul from God should stray,
I'll bear my Cross and follow thee;
Let others chuse the fairer way.
My face is meeter for the Spit;
I am more suitable to shame;
And to the taunts of scornful wit:
It's no great matter for my Name.

4. *Must I be driven from my Books?*
From House, and Goods, and dearest Friends?
One of thy sweet and gracious looks,
For more than this will make amends.
The World's thy Book: There I can read,
Thy Power, Wisdom, and thy Love:
And thence ascend by Faith, and feed
Upon the better things above.

I'll read thy works of Providence:
Thy Spirit, Conscience, and thy Rod
Can teach without book all the sense,
To know the World, my Self, and God.
Few Books may serve, when *Thou* wilt teach:
Many have stoln my precious time:
I'll leave my Books to hear thee preach:
Church-work is best when thou dost chime.

As for *my House*, it was my Tent,
While there I waited on thy Flock:
That work is done; that time is spent:
There neither was my *Home* nor *Stock*.
Would I in all my Journey have
Still the *same Inn* and *Furniture*?
Or ease and pleasant dwellings crave,
Forgetting what thy Saints endure?

My Lord hath taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head:
While he is mine, I'll be content,
To beg or lack my daily bread.
Heav'n is my roof, Earth is my floor:
Thy Love can keep me dry and warm:
Christ and thy Bounty are my ſtore:
Thy Angels guard me from all harm.

As for *my Friends*, they are not loſt:
The ſeveral Veſſels of thy Fleet,
Though parted now by Tempeſts toſt,
Shall ſafely in the Haven meet.
Still we are centred all in thee;
Members tho diſtant, of one Head:
In the ſame Family we be,
By the ſame Faith and Spirit led.

Before thy Throne we daily meet,
As Joynt Petitioners to thee:
In ſpirit we each other greet,
And ſhall again each other ſee.
The Heavenly Hoſts world without end
Shall be my company above:
And thou my beſt and ſureſt Friend:
Who ſhall divide me from thy Love?

5. *Muſt I forſake the Soil and Air,*
Where firſt I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair:
Thence I may come to thee by death.
All Countries are my Father's Lands:
Thy Son, thy Love doth ſhine on all:
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on thee call.

Thoſe baniſh'd are that go from *thee*,
Strange to thy Service, Love and Grace:
And, loſt in ſin, do never ſee
Thy Kingdom, and thy pleaſed face.

May but my Soul dwell near my God,
And walk with him in Faith and Love,
No matter where be my abode,
Till to his Glory I remove.

6. *What if in Prison I must dwell?*
May I not *there* converse with thee?
Save me from sin, thy wrath, and Hell,
Call me thy Child; and I am *free*.
No walls or bars can keep thee out:
None can confine a holy Soul:
The Streets of Heav'n it walks about;
None can its Liberty controul:

Alas, my darkned mind is chain'd
To Earth and Flesh through unbelief!
It looks and longs by distance pain'd:
When wilt thou hear and send relief?
O loose these Chains of Sin and Flesh!
Enlarge my heart in thy Commands:
Could I but love thee as I wish,
How light would be all other bands?

7. *Must I feel Sicknesses and Smart,*
And spend my days and nights in pain?
Yet if thy Love refresh my heart,
I need not overmuch complain.
This Flesh hath drawn my Soul to sin;
If it must smart, thy Will be done!
O fill me with thy Joys within,
And then I'll let it grieve alone.

Then to its sufferings I'll consent
To be avenged on my Foe,
That pain may help me to repent,
And sin may be consum'd by woe.
Pain will be short; Joyes will be long.
Yet, Lord, remember man is weak!
Drop in thy Cordials: make me strong,
Lest heart and hope with Flesh should break.

8 *I know my Flesh must turn to dust,*
My parted Soul must come to thee,
And undergo thy Judgment just,
And in the endless world must be.

In this there's most of *Fear* and *Joy*,
Because there's most of *Sin* and *Grace*,
Sin will this mortal frame destroy,
But Christ will bring me to thy face.

Here's Faith's great Tryal: Pain may force;
And Pride may willingness pretend;
A stupid Fool die like his Horse,
And Heathens make a Beast-like end.

Frail sinful Flesh is loth to die:
Sense to the unseen world is strange:
The doubting Soul dreads the most High,
And trembleth at so great a change.

Yet faith can see beyond the Skies,
Where now our head in glory is:
And above Flesh and Sense can rise,
Unto the World of Saints in bliss.

Cleansing the Soul from Flesh and Sin,
Abstracting it from things below;
It draws the Veil, and entering in,
Love's glorious Mysteries can know.

Put forth thy *Beams* and *Hand* of Grace:
Open mine *Eyes*: *Take up* my *Heart*:
Acquaint it with the Holy Place,
The Joys and Glory where thou art.

O let me not be strange at home!
Strange to the *Sun*, and *Life* of Souls:
Choosing this low and darkned Room;
Familiar with Worms and Moles!

Shall I be strange unto my Head?
The World of Knowledge, Love and Joyes?
Conversing here among the Dead,
And taken up with Dreams and Toyes?

And ſtrange to Angels, who attend
On Man, and in his good delight;
And though unſeen, do us defend;
Miniſtring for us day and night?

Am I the firſt that go this way?
How many Saints are gone before?
How many enter every day
Into thy Kingdom by this door?
Chriſt was once dead, and in a Grave:
Yet conquer'd Death, and roſe again:
And by this Method he will ſave
His Servants that with him ſhall reign.

Shall I draw back and fear the end
Of all my ſorrows, tears and pain?
To which my Life and Labours tend!
Without which all had been in vain?
Can I for ever be content
Without true Happineſs and Reſt?
Is Earth become ſo excellent,
That I ſhould take it for my beſt?

Or can I think of finding here
That which my Soul ſo long hath ſought?
Should I refuſe thoſe Joys through fear,
Which bounteous Love ſo dearly bought?
All that doth taſt of Heav'n is good:
When Heav'nly *Light* doth me inform;
When Heavenly *Life* ſtirs in my Blood;
When Heavenly *Love* my Heart doth warm.

No wonder if Time's womb be ſtreight,
And Souls through pain and ſtrangeneſs go
Into the glorious world of Light,
Which death tranſlateth them unto.
This ſtrangeneſs will be quickly over,
When once the Heaven-born Soul is there:
One ſight of God will it recover
From all this backwardneſs and fear.

To us, Christ's loweſt parts; his feet,
Union and *Faith* muſt yet ſuffice,
To guide and comfort us: It's meet
We truſt our Head who hath our Eyes.
Chriſt *ſeeth* all that I would ſee:
The *Way* and *End* to *Him* are known;
He hath prepar'd the Place for me:
He'l Love and Uſe me as *his Own*.

How many guiltleſs creatures die,
To be a feaſt or food for me?
Who love their Lives as well as I?
And hath not God more right to me?
Muſt I be priviledg'd alone?
Or no man Die until he pleaſe?
And God depoſed from his Throne,
And humane generation ceaſe?

Though all theſe Reaſons I can ſee,
Why I ſhould willingly ſubmit,
And comfortably come to thee;
My God, thou muſt accompliſh it.
The Love which fill'd up all my daies,
Will not forſake me to the end;
This broken Body thou wilt raiſe:
My Spirit I to thee commend.

Decemb. 3. 1663.

4. Divine Love's Reſt.

(Written on *Herbert*'s Poems.)

THE amorous Needle knows no other REST,
But at its dear attractive Loadſtone's breaſt.
Though lying dead before the Potent touch,
Its Object and Affection were not ſuch.

The Oily Body married to a Spark,
Which some cold Flint had lockt up in the dark,
By the unseen Hot Soul is made so bright,
As if in it that Soul appear'd to sight;
Which in revenge for its restraint and toil,
Still working upwards, wasts the loving Oil;
Having a higher Love, is not content,
Until it reach its proper Element.
Thus Heav'n-born Souls, but lately dead in sin;
By Faith and Love the heavenly Life begin:
And daily mounting upwards, take their flight,
From Flesh and Earth unto the World of Light
Where Darkness, Sin or Grief shall never enter:
Where all the Saints are one in God their Center.
Where Love reveals it self with open face,
Ravishing Souls prepar'd by Saving Grace.
Love is their Kingdom: it's a world of Love,
Which they were hatcht for by the holy Dove.
Here he is kindling the celestial fire,
Which knows its rise, and doth to God aspire;
God who is all, shall there have all my store;
And yet my Friends have not the less, but more.
Love is now panting, groaning in my breast:
Love will be then my Soul's Eternal Feast.
Love now salutes us in the Gospel story:
But then Eternal Love will be our Glory.
Up then, my Soul, and swiftly Heavenward tend,
Where Love shall have no check, no bounds, no end.

5. On *David*'s Psalms.

MY God! since first thy Love this heart did touch;
It saith, I cannot love my God too much.
It looketh up, and panteth for that Grace,
Which may exalt it, and unveil thy face.

Dark-

Darkneſs and *Diſtance* are its grievous Chains;
Sad doubts and fears do feed its griping pains.
It ſighs, and wonders thou canſt be ſo ſtrange;
Where thou haſt freely made ſo great a change.
Long it hath ſearch't in hope to find the Art,
To raiſe and warm a dull and heavy Heart:
And now I find it practiſed by One,
That now is praiſing thee before thy Throne.
Here are the ſacred words: Here's *David*'s Lyre:
But where's the quickening cœleſtial fire?
I know the Eye of Heav'n is on my *Heart*:
God looks my Soul ſhould bear the chiefeſt part.
It's winged Faith, and flaming Love within,
That muſt the pleaſant Melody begin:
The holy Spirit muſt tune and touch each ſtring;
Elſe ſmootheſt Verſe will be a harſh dull thing;
Diſplay thy Love; ſhoot down thy vital Raies!
Teach this cold heart the works of Love and Praiſe!
O then, what Life and Joy theſe Pſalms will bring,
When it's thy Spirit, and my Soul that ſing!
And though low ſtreins with ſtops, are here my beſt,
Yet Perfect Love and Praiſe ſhall be my REST.

6. The Threefold Nativity.

Prima dies hominem peperit, ſanctumque ſecunda Natalis: pariet Mors tertia glorificatum.

MY *firſt* Birth-day brought forth a *Man*, in ſin:
But one that could not work, nor go, nor ſpeak.
My *ſecond* did a Life of Grace begin,
But ſuch, alas, as yet's diſeas'd and weak.
The *third* from fleſhly bonds will me releaſe,
And bring me to the world of glorious Light:

Where all my sins and vexing griefs shall cease;
And Faith shall end in perfect *Love* and *Sight*.
This *death begins*; but 'tis the Resurrection,
That fully shall obliterate sins story;
And state both Soul and Body in perfection, (*Glory*.
Where *Grace* and *Nature* shall be crown'd with

As *Nature* taught me first complaining cryes,
Before it did acquaint me with Delight:
So *Grace* with grief first fill'd my Heart and Eye
Before it shewed me the joyful sight.
Why should not Death then be a straiter Door,
Than either that of *Nature* or of *Grace*?
Which brings us unto the Eternal Store,
Of Joy and Glory in God's shining face?

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7. Self-denyal.

A Dialogue between the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*.

Flesh.

WHat! become Nothing! ne're perswade me to it.
God made me Something: and I'le not undo it

Spirit.

Thy Something is not thine, but his that gave it.
Resign it to him, if thou mean to save it.

Flesh.

God gave me Life: and shall I choose to die
Before my time? or pine in misery?

Spirit.

God is thy Life: If then thou feareſt death;
Let him be all thy soul, thy pulse, and breath.

Flesh.

What! must I hate my self? when as my brother
Must love me? and I may not hate another?

Spi

Spirit.

Loath what is loathſom: Love God in the reſt;
He truly love's himſelf, that love's God beſt.

Fleſh.

Doth God our eaſe and pleaſure to us grudge?
Or doth Religion make a man a drudge?

Spirit.

That is thy Poyſon which thou calleſt Pleaſure:
And that thy drudgery which thou count'ſt thy (treaſure.

Fleſh.

Who can endure to be thus mewed up?
And under Laws for every bit and cup?

Spirit.

God's Cage is better than the Wilderneſs.
When Winter comes, Liberty brings diſtreſs.

Fleſh.

Pleaſure's mans Happineſs: The Will's not free
To chooſe our miſery: This cannot be.

Spirit.

God is mans End: with him are higheſt joys:
Senſual pleaſures are but dreams and toys.
Should ſin ſeem ſweet! Is Satan turn'd thy friend
Will not thy ſweet prove bitter in the end?
Haſt thou found ſweeter pleaſures than God's love?
Is a fools laughter like the Joys above?
Beauty ſurpaſſeth all deceitful paints:
What's empty mirth to the delights of Saints?
God would not have thee have leſs joy, but more:
And therefore ſhew's thee the eternal ſtore.

Fleſh.

Who can love baſeneſs, poverty and want?
And under pining ſickneſs be content?

Spirit.

He that hath laid his treaſure up above
And plac't his portion only in God's love:
That waits for Glory when his life is done:
This man will be content with God alone.

Flesh.

What good will sorrow do me? Is not mirth
Fitter to warm a cold heart here on earth?
Troubles will come whether we will or no:
I'le never banish pleasure, and choose so.

Spirit.

Then choose not sin: touch not forbidden things:
Taste not the sweet that endless sorrow brings.
If thou love pleasure, take in God thy fill:
Look not for lasting joys in doing ill.

Flesh.

Affliction's bitter: life will soon be done:
Pleasure shall be my part ere all be gone.

Spirit.

Prosperity is barren: all men say
The soil is best where there's the deepest way.
Life is for work, and not to spend in play.
Now sow thy seed: labour while it is day.
The Huntsman seeks his game in barren plains:
Dirty land answers best the Plowmans pains.
Passengers care not so the way be fair;
Husbandmen would have the best ground and air.
First think what's safe and fruitful: There's no plea-
Like the beholding of thy chiefest Treasure. (sure.

Flesh.

Nature made me a Man, and gave me sense:
Changing of Nature is a vain pretence:
It taught me to love women, honour, ease,
And every thing that doth my senses please.

Spirit.

Nature hath made thee Rational; and Reason
Must rule the sense, in ends, degrees and season.
Reason's the Rider.; Sense is but the Horse:
Which then is fittest to direct thy course?
Give up the reins, and thou becom'st a beast;
Thy fall at death will sadly end thy feast.

Flesh.

Fleſh.

Religion is a dull and heavy thing,
Whereas a merry Cup will make me ſing.
Love's entertainments warm both heart and brain:
And wind my fancy to the higheſt ſtrain.

Spirit.

Cupid hath ſtuck a Feather in thy Cap;
And lull'd thee dead aſleep on *Venus*'s lap:
Thy brains are tipled with ſome wanton's eyes;
Thy Reaſon is becomes Luſt's ſacrifice.
Playing a game at Folly, thou haſt loſt
Thy wit, and ſoul, and winneſt to thy coſt.
Thy Soul now in a filthy channel lies,
While fancy ſeems to ſoar above the Skies.
Beauty will ſoon be ſtinking loathſom Earth:
Sickneſs and Death marr all the wanton's mirth.
It is not all the pleaſure thou canſt find.
Will countervail the ſting that's left behind.
Blind, brutiſh Souls! that cannot love their God?
And yet can dote on a defiled clod!

Fleſh.

Why ſhould I think of what will be to morrow?
An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of ſorrow.

Spirit.

But where's that mirth when ſorrows overtake thee?
Will it then hold when Life and God forſake thee?
Forgetting Death or Hell will not prevent it:
Now loſe thy day, thou'lt then too late repent it.

Fleſh.

Muſt I be pain'd and wronged, and not feel?
As if my heart were made of flint or ſteel?

Spirit.

Doſt thou delight to feel thy hurt and ſmart?
Would not an Antidote preſerve thy heart?
Impatience is but ſelf-tormenting folly:
Patience is cordial, eaſie, ſweet and holy.
Is not that better which turns grief to peace,
Than that which doth thy miſery encreaſe?

Fleſh.

Fleſh.

When ſport, and wine, and beauty do invite,
Who is it whom ſuch baits will not incite?

Spirit.

He that perceives the hook and ſees the end,
Whither it is that fleſhly Pleaſures tend.
He that by faith hath ſeen both Heav'n and Hell,
And what ſin coſteth at the laſt can tell:
He that hath try'd and taſted better things,
And felt that love from which all pleaſure ſprings,
They that ſtill watch, and for Chriſts coming wait,
Can turn away from, or deſpiſe the bait.

Fleſh.

Muſt I be made the foot-ball of diſdain?
And call'd a preciſe fool or Puritane?

Spirit.

Remember him that did deſpiſe the ſhame,
And for thy ſake bore undeſerved blame.
Thy journey's of ſmall moment if thou ſtay
Becauſe dogs bark, or ſtones lie in the way.
If life lay on it, wouldſt thou turn again,
For the winds blowing or a little rain?
Is this thy greateſt love to thy dear Lord?
That canſt not for his ſake bear a foul word?
Wilt thou not bear for him a ſcorners breath,
That underwent for thee a curſed death?
Is not Heav'n worth the bearing of a flout?
Then blame not Juſtice when it ſhuts thee out.
Will theſe deriders ſtand to what they ſay,
And own their words at the great dreadful day?
Then they'd be glad, when wrath ſhal overtake them
To eat their words, and ſay they never ſpake them.

Fleſh.

How? Forſake all! Ne're mention it more to me
I'le be of no Religion to undo me.

Spirit.

Is it not thine more in thy Fathers hand,
Than when it is laid out at ſins command?

And is that ſav'd that's ſpent upon thy luſt
Or which muſt be a prey to thieves or ruſt?
And wouldſt thou have thy riches in thy way,
Where thou art paſſing on and canſt not ſtay?
And is that loſt that's ſent to Heav'n before?
Hadſt thou not rather have thy friends and ſtore,
Where thou maiſt dwell for ever, in the light
Of that long glorious day that fears no night?

Fleſh.

But who can willingly ſubmit to Death,
Which will bereave us of our life and breath;
That laies our fleſh to rot in loathſom graves,
Where brains and eyes were, leaves but ugly caves?

Spirit.

So nature breaks and caſts away the ſhell,
Where the now beauteous ſinging bird did dwell:
The ſecundine that once the infant cloath'd,
After the birth, is caſt away and loath'd.
Thus Roſes drop there ſweet leaves under-foot;
But the Spring ſhew's that life was in the root.
Souls are the Roots of Bodies: Chriſt the Head
Is Root of both, and will revive the dead.
Our Sun ſtill ſhineth when with us it's night:
When he return's, we ſhall ſhine in his light.
Souls that behold and praiſe God with the Juſt,
Mourn not becauſe their bodies are but duſt.
Graves are but beds where fleſh till morning ſleeps:
Or Cheſts where God a while our garments keeps,
Our folly thinks he ſpoils them in the keeping;
Which cauſeth our exceſſive fears and weeping:
But God that doth our riſing day foreſee:
Pities not rotting fleſh ſo much as we.
The birth of Nature was deform'd by ſin:
The birth of Grace did our repair begin:
The birth of Glory at the Reſurrection
Finiſheth all, and brings both to perfection.
Why ſhould not fruit when it is mellow fall?
Why would we linger here when God doth call?

Fleſh.

Flesh.

The things and persons in this world I see.
But after death I know not what will be.

Spirit. (Spoken)

Know'st thou not that which God himself hath
Thou hast his promise which was never broken.
Reason proclaims that noble heav'n-born Souls,
Are made for higher things than Worms & Moles.
God hath not made such faculties in vain,
Nor made his Service a deluding pain.
But Faith resolves all doubts, and hears the Lord
Telling us plainly by his holy Word,
That uncloth'd Souls shall with their Saviour dwell,
Triumphing over Sin, and Death, and Hell.
And by the Power of Almighty Love,
Stars shall arise from graves to shine above.
There we shall see the glorious face of God:
His blessed presence shall be our abode:
The face that banisheth all doubts and fears,
Shuts out all sins, and drieth up all tears.
That face which darkeneth the Sun's bright rayes,
Shall shine us into everlasting joyes.
Where Saints and Angels shall make up one Chore,
To praise the Great *Jehovah* evermore.

Flesh.

Reason not with me against sight and sense:
I doubt all this is but a vain pretence.
Words against Nature are not worth a rush:
One Bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
If God will give me Heav'n at last, I'le take it:
But for my Pleasure here I'le not forsake it.

Spirit.

And wilt thou keep it? brutish flesh how long?
Wilt thou not shortly sing another Song?
When Conscience is awakened, keep thy mirth!
When sickness & death comes, hold fast this earth,
Live if thou canst when God saith, Come away:
Try whether all thy friends can cause thy stay.

Wil

Wilt thou tell Death and God, thou wilt not die?
And wilt thou the consuming fire defie?
Art thou not sure to let go what thou hast?
And doth not Reason bid thee then forecast,
And value the least hope of endless Joys,
Before known Vanities, and dying toys?
And can the Lord that is most just and wise,
Found all man's duty in deceit and lies?

Get thee behind me Satan; thou dost favour,
The things of Flesh, and not his dearest favour.
Who is my Life, and Light, and Love, and All,
And so shall be whatever shall befall.
It is not *thou*, but I that must *discern*,
And must *Resolve*: It's I that hold the stern:
Be silent *Flesh*; speak not against my God;
Or else hee'l teach thee better by the rod.
I am resolved thou shalt live and die,
A servant, or a conquered enemy.

LOrd charge not on me what this rebel says,
That always was against me and thy ways:
Now stop its mouth by Grace, that shortly must
Through just, but gainful death, be stopt with dust:
The thoughts and words of Flesh are none of mine;
Let Flesh say what it will, I will be thine.
Whatever this rebellious Flesh shall prate,
Let me but serve thee Lord, at any rate.
Use me on Earth as seemeth good to thee,
So I in Heav'n thy Glorious face may see.
Take down my Pride; let me dwell at thy feet:
The humble are for Earth and Heav'n most meet.
Renouncing Flesh, I Vow my self to thee,
With all the Talents thou hast lent to me.
Let me not stick at honour, wealth or blood:
Let all my days be spent in doing good.

Let

Let me not trifle out more precious hours;
But serve thee now with all my strength and powers.
If Flesh should tempt me to deny my hand;
Lord thrust out the Resolves to which I stand.

Octob. 29. 1659. *Richard Baxter*

8. The Prayer of the Sick, in a Case like *Hezekiahs.*

To the Tune of the 51 *Psalm.*

The First Part.

1. ETernal God, whose name is Love;
Whose mercy is my hope and stay:
O hear and help me from above,
That in distress to thee do pray.
Ashamed to lift up my face,
Hence from the dust to thee I cry:
Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
Yet unto it alone I fly.

2. I was at first in sin conceiv'd,
Then liv'd a vain and sinful life:
Rebellious flesh which I receiv'd
Is still against thy Grace in strife.
Long it was Lord, alas too long,
Before I knew my self or thee:
Vanity rul'd my heart and tongue:
And O that yet my Soul were free!

3. But while I sinned thou wast kind,
And sent'st thy Word and Spirit of Grace;
Thy Light did change my darkened mind,
And shewed me my wretched case.

Though I drew back, thou didſt prevail;
And I gave up my ſelf to thee.
Thou undertook'ſt for wind and ſail;
Both Ship and Pilot thou wouldſt be.

4. I turn'd my back on worldly toyes;
And ſet my face towards Glory's Shore;
Where thou haſt promis'd higheſt Joys,
And bleſſedneſs for ever more.
I took my leave of Sin and Earth;
What I had lov'd, I now did hate:
Aſhamed of my former birth,
I gave my Life a newer date.

5. But ſince that time how I am toſt?
Afraid of every ſtorm and wave:
Almoſt concluding I am loſt,
As if thou wouldſt not help and ſave.
If I look out beyond thine Ark,
Nothing but raging Seas I ſee:
On this ſide Heav'n all's deep and dark:
But I look further unto thee.

6. Cenſures and ſcorns, and frowns I bear;
Storms which before I never found;
And yet all theſe I ſhould not fear,
If all at home were ſafe and ſound.
But thy diſpleaſure wounds my heart:
I have but two parts, Fleſh and Soul:
Both of thy wrath do bear their part;
And thou haſt left me neither whole.

The Second Part.

7. All this is juſt, Lord, I confeſs;
I ſtaid too long e're I came in:
And how ſhould healing grace do leſs,
When I brought with me ſo much ſin?

Much Pride and Vanity I kept:
Too oft my heart was looking back:
Though God stood by me, yet I slept:
Heav'n was at hand; yet I grew slack.

Spare Lord, and pity thy poor dust!
That fled into thy Ark for Peace!
O cause my Soul on thee to trust!
And do not my distress increase.
O keep up Life and Peace within!
If I must feel thy chastening Rod?
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin;
And let me know, thou art *my God.*

9. Folly dwelt in my childish breast;
Sin rob'd me of my youthful days:
Let not thy wrath cut off the rest,
And stifle thine intended praise.
Whilst I forgot thee, thou didst bear:
Thy kindness did invite me home:
O rack me not with grief and fear!
Kill me not Lord, now I am come.

10. The silent dust speaks not thy fame,
Nor in dark Graves art thou renown'd:
The living Saints declare thy Name,
And in thy Church thy Praises sound.
Yet let me with thy Houshold dwell;
Though I be numbred with thy poor;
And with thy Saints thy wonders tell,
Although I sit behind thy door.

11. Set not thy strength against frail man!
O turn not yet this Flesh to Clay!
My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,
If I should see the longest day.
Break me not all to pieces, Lord;
Or else let each piece have a tongue,
To cry, till thou relief afford,
But not to say, thou dost me wrong!

12. Pity this poor unworthy Soul,
That here devotes it self to thee:
Resolve my doubts; my fears controul;
And let me thy Salvation see.
O let that Love which gave me groans,
And taught my needy Soul to pray,
Remove my fears, and hear the moans
Which sorrow breaths forth night and day.

The Third Part.

13. Why art thou, fainting Soul, cast down?
And thus disquieted with fears?
Art thou not passing to thy Crown,
Through storms of pain, and floods of tears?
Fear not, O thou of little Faith!
Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand?
Remember what his promise saith;
Life and Death are at his command.

14. To him I did my self entrust,
When first I did for Heav'n imbark:
And he hath proved kind and just:
Still I am with him in his Ark.
Could'st thou expect to see no Seas?
Nor feel no tossing wind or wave?
It is enough that from all these
Thy faithful Pilot will thee save.

15. Lord, let me not my Covenant break!
Once I did all to thee resign:
Only the words of comfort speak,
And tell my Soul that *I am thine*.
It's no Death when Souls hence depart,
If thou depart not from the Soul:
Fill with thy Love my fainting heart,
And I'll not fading flesh condole.

16. Health is but Sickness with thy frowns:
Life with thy wrath is worse than Death:
My comforts thy displeasure drowns,
And into groans tunes all my breath.

Where

Where is that Faith, and Hope, and Love,
– By which thou markeſt all thy Saints?
Thy Joys would all my grief remove,
And raiſe this heart that daily faints.

17. Am I the *Jonas*? doſt thou mean
To caſt me out into the deep?
It ſhall not drown, but make me clean;
Until thou raiſe me, there I'll ſleep.
O Death! where is thy poiſonous ſting?
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
Thy duſt ſhall ſhortly riſe, and ſing
God's praiſe above the ſtarry Sky.

18. My God, my Love, my Hope, my Life!
Shall I be loath to ſee thy face?
As if this world of ſin and ſtrife,
Were for my Soul a better place?
O give my Soul ſome ſweet foretaſt
Of that which I ſhall ſhortly ſee!
Let Faith and Love cry to the laſt,
Come Lord, I truſt my ſelf with thee.
John 11. 14. or 16.
O *let not unbelieving* Thomas *words*
Be now my anſwer: But my deareſt Lord's. Amen.

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9. The Covenant and Confidence of Faith.

To the common Tunes.

1. MY whole, though broken heart, O Lord
From henceforth ſhall be thine!
And here I do my Vow record:
This hand, theſe words are mine.
All that I have, without reſerve,
I offer here to thee:
Thy Will and Honour all ſhall ſerve,
That thou beſtow'dſt on me.

2. A

. All that exceptions ſave I loſe:
All that I loſe I ſave:
The treaſure of thy Love I chooſe;
And *Thou* art *All* I crave.
My God, thou haſt my heart and hand:
All to thee reſign.
ll ever to this Covenant ſtand,
Though fleſh hereat repine.

. I know that thou waſt willing firſt;
And then mad'ſt me conſent:
Having thus lov'd me at the worſt,
Thou wilt not now repent.
Now I have quit all *Self-pretence*,
Take charge of what's thine own,
My Life, my Health, and my Defence,
Now lie on thee alone.

. Now it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live:
To love and ſerve thee is my ſhare:
And this thy grace muſt give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
If ſhort; yet why ſhould I be ſad,
That ſhall have the ſame pay.

If Death ſhall bruiſe this ſpringing ſeed;
Before it come to fruit;
The Will with thee goes for the Deed;
Thy Life was in the root.
Long Life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplyeth faults:
In long Wars he may have the foil,
That ſcapes in ſhort aſſaults.

Would I long bear my heavy load?
And keep my ſorrows long?
Could I long ſin againſt my God?
And his dear Mercy wrong?

How

How much is sinful Flesh my Foe,
That doth my Soul pervert,
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steals from God my heart?

7. Christ leads me through no darker Rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's Kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
Come Lord, when Grace hath made me meet,
Thy blessed Face to see;
For if thy work on Earth be sweet,
What will thy Glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days;
And joyn with the triumphant Saints,
That sing *Jehovah*'s praise.
My Knowledge of that Life is small;
The Eye of Faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all;
And I shall be with him.

This Covenant my dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a chearful will. Job 12. 26.

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10. A Psalm of Praise.

To the Tune of the 148 *Psalm.*

1. YE holy Angels bright,
Which stand before Gods Throne,
And dwell in glorious Light,
Praise ye the Lord each one.
You there so nigh
Are much more meet
Than we the feet,
For things so high.

2.

2. You bleſſed Souls at reſt,
That ſee your Saviours face,
Whoſe Glory, even the leaſt
Is far above our Grace;
God's praiſes ſound,
As in his ſight,
With ſweet delight
You do abound.

3. All Nations of the Earth,
Extol the World's great King:
With Melody and Mirth,
His glorious praiſes ſing.
For he ſtill reigns,
And will bring low,
The proudeſt Foe,
That him diſdains.

4. Sing forth *Jehovah's* praiſe,
Ye Saints that on him call:
Magnifie him always,
His holy Churches all:
In him rejoyce;
And there proclaim
His holy Name,
With ſounding voyce.

5. My Soul, bear thou thy part:
Triumph in God above:
With a well-tuned heart,
Sing thou the Songs of Love.
Thou art his own,
Whoſe precious Blood
Shed for thy Good,
His Love made known.

6. He did in Love begin,
Renewing thee by Grace,
Forgiving all thy ſin,
Shew'd thee his pleaſed face.

He did thee heal,
By his Son's merit,
And by his Spirit,
For Glory Seal.

7. In saddest thoughts and grief,
In sickness, fears and pain,
I cry'd for his relief,
And it was not in vain.
He heard with speed;
And still I found
Mercy abound,
In time of need.

8. Let not his Praises grow
On prosperous heights alone:
But in the Vales below,
Let his great Love be known.
Let no distress,
Curb and controul
My winged Soul,
And praise suppress.

9. Let not the fear or smart
Of his chastizing Rod,
Take off my fervent heart,
From praising my Dear God.
What ere I feel,
Still let me bring
This Offering,
And to him kneel.

10. Though I lose friends and wealth,
And bear reproach and shame;
Though I lose ease and health,
Still let me praise God's Name.
That fear and pain,
Which would destroy
My Thanks and Joy,
Do thou restrain.

11. Though humane help depart,
And flesh draw near to dust;
Let Faith keep up my heart,
To love God true and just:
And all my days,
Let no Disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful praise.

12. Though sin would make me doubt,
And fill my Soul with fears,
Though God seem to shut out,
My daily cries and tears:
By no such Frost
Of sad delays,
Let thy sweet praise
Be nipt and lost.

13. Away distrustful care!
I have thy promise, Lord.
To banish all despair,
I have thy Oath and Word.
And therefore I
Shall see thy face,
And there thy Grace
Shall magnifie.

14. Though Sin and Death conspire,
To rob thee of thy praise.
Still towards thee I'll aspire,
And thou dull hearts canst raise.
Open thy Door;
And when grim Death
Shall stop this Breath,
I'll praise thee more.

15. With thy Triumphant Flock;
Then I shall numbred be,
Built on th' eternal Rock,
His glory we shall see.

The Heav'ns ſo high,
With praiſe ſhall ring,
And all ſhall ſing,
In harmony.

16. The Sun is but a ſpark,
From the Eternal Light:
It's brighteſt beams are dark,
To that moſt glorious ſight:
There the whole Chore,
With one accord,
Shall praiſe the Lord
For evermore.

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11. The Complaint.

WHat mean impatient men to call it *Pain?*
That do the Creatures wrath alone ſuſtain?
But, alas! how much greater is my woe,
That muſt God's ſharp diſpleaſure undergo?
If a Worm's fury ſeemeth hard to bear,
Who dare before an angry God appear?
I thought my God had blotted out my ſin;
And it no more remembred ſhould have been!
And wilt thou now call up what's paſt and gone?
And charge upon me all that I have done?
Why then, where is my Saviour? where's his blood?
Shall not thy promiſes be all made good?
Where are thy tender bowels? where's that grace?
That ſhew'd me once thy reconciled face?
Doſt thou repent? or can God changed be?
O no! it's I that falſly turn'd from thee.

Yet be not angry with me, O my God!
If thy Child cry, and plead againſt the Rod;

Not daring to accuſe thy narrow path;
But humbly bold to deprecate thy wrath.
Is it thy pleaſure to behold my grief?
When thou canſt with a word ſend full relief?
Doſt thou delight to ſee me drencht in tears?
And overwhelm'd with doubts and horrid fears?
Wilt thou ſtand by and ſee my Soul thus ſink?
While waſting Fleſh doth ſtand at the pits brink?
Shall grief and ſickneſs leave but skin and bones?
And ſhall I know no breath but ſighs and groans?
Have I no paſſions left but griefs and fears?
Are groans the only muſick for thine ears?
And have I ſenſe only to feel my woe?
And reaſon only miſery to know?
An wilt thou ſuffer ſinful unbelief,
To baniſh Joy, and keep out all relief?
How can that gracious Lord my woe deſire?
That did ſo much to ſave me from the fire?
How can that Saviour be againſt my good,
That dy'd in love, and washt me by his blood?
Can the ſame voice now paſs ſo ſad a doom,
That from my ſin ſo lately call'd me home?
Wilt thou now frown me down to fears and death?
That lately gav'ſt me a new life and breath?
Or can that hand that ſnatch'd me from the flame,
Teaſe me, and caſt me back into the ſame?
Pity, my God, this ſinking trembling Soul,
And let the hand that wounds me, make me whole:
Friends would, but cannot; all their help is vain.
But thou canſt quickly give me joy for pain.
What can friends do, but make my grief their own?
And will not give me leave to die alone.
They can but add their fruitleſs tears and moans,
To joyn in a ſad conſort with my groans.
Their pity doth but make my wounds more deep:
While in Compaſſion they ſtand by and weep:
Through me thou woundeſt them: my pains are theirs:
And every tender friend a portion bears.

They can but pray for that which thou muſt give:
They ſtrive in vain if thou wilt not relieve.
O ſpare me Lord! and preſs me not too low,
Leſt I ſhould peeviſh and impatient grow!
Leſt I ſhould have unworthy thoughts of thee,
Forgetting what thy Love hath done for me.
Leſt blind diſtruſt get ground againſt my Faith,
And I grow mindleſs what thy promiſe ſaith.
Leſt griefs conſume the Soul which thou haſt made,
And leſt thy Praiſes with my Comforts fade.
Leſt I thine ancient Loves no more rehearſe,
But all my thanks as a miſtake reverſe.
And leſt unruly grief ſhould make me break
Thy holy Laws, and things unſeemly ſpeak.
And leſt the Tempter ſhould advantage take,
The Heav'n-built ſtructure of my hopes to ſhake.
Leſt I be drawn with *Job* to curſe the day,
In which my Soul was marryed to clay!
Leſt this raſh tongue thy precious Love deny,
And in diſtreſs, ſhould call thee *Enemy*.
Break not the Heart on which thou wrot'ſt thy name
Leſt thoſe bleſt Letters periſh with the frame.
Thy Word commands us always to rejoyce:
Fain I would do it, but thou ſtop'ſt my voice.
Can I rejoyce, when as thy angry Dart
Is piercing night and day my wounded Heart?
Can I rejoyce and bleed? Rejoyce and die?
Can I rejoyce, when thou doſt Joy deny?
Can I mix night and day? or death and life?
Or heat and cold? or quietneſs and ſtrife?
Or twiſt the higheſt joy with deepeſt ſorrow?
Dwelling near Hell to day, and Heav'n to morrow?
Will joys agree with heavy ſighs and groans?
And ſweeteſt comforts dwell with broken bones?
When I would riſe and ſing thy Love's renown,
Then comes another wave and ſtrikes me down.
Brimſtone and flames methinks upon me rain,
As if I were adjudg'd to *Sodom*'s pain.

O my dear God! why doſt thou me forſake?
And all my bones and heart in pieces ſhake?
I took thee for my only Life and Joy:
O do not now this trembling Soul deſtroy!

The Anſwer.

WEak Child! why doſt thou make all this ado?
Doſt thou remember whom thou ſpeakeſt to?
Doſt thou conſider what thy paſſion ſaith?
Is this the language of a ſtable Faith?
Is this thy Patience, and thy Self-denyal?
Wilt thou thus ſhrink and ſhake in time of tryal?
May I not with my own do what I liſt?
And uſe my creature as to me ſeems beſt?
Am I not wiſe enough to uſe the Rod?
Wilt thou prefer thy ſelf before thy God?
Who's fitteſt to be Ruler? thou or I?
Whoſe Wiſdom's beſt? and whoſe Fidelity?
When prov'd I falſe unto thee? or unkind?
When didſt thou ſeek aright, and didſt not find?
Look homeward, Man; *there* dwells thine Enemy:
It is thy *Self* and *Sin*: It is not I.
The thing thou ſhould'ſt complain of, is within:
Turn all thy charge againſt thy *Self* and *Sin*.
Sin is ſo bad, that it can do no better;
God cannot fail thee, and remain thy debtor.
Such intimations ſhould not paſs thy tongue,
As if the righteous God could do thee wrong.
Were Conſcience but as tender as thy fleſh,
And ſin as grievous to thee as the laſh;
Hadſt thou but lived as beſeems a Saint,
I might have ſpar'd my Rod, and thou thy Plaint.
Canſt thou ſuſpect I am againſt thy good,
When I have prov'd my Love by ſtreams of blood?

Have I not lov'd thee from Eternity?
And caus'd my only Son for thee to die?
Have I not call'd thee from a life of sin,
When thousands round about thee live therein?
Remember how I us'd thee at the first,
When in thy blood I found thee at the worst:
Who gave thee notice of thy sinful state,
Wakening thy Soul before it was too late?
Who did convince thee of the worldlings folly?
And shew thee that its better to be holy?
Who sav'd thee from the world's deceits and lies?
And wean'd thee from thy former vanities?
Who taught thee to bewail thy heavy load?
And made thee long to know and love thy God?
If thou art willing that I should be thine,
It is because at first I call'd thee *Mine*.
I offered Christ: I made thee to consent:
And in the terms of Grace to rest content.
When thou wast ignorant, who did thee teach?
And made thee long a higher state to reach?
Who made thee love and chuse the scorned way?
And cleave to Christ, whatever flesh could say?
Who made thee pray? and who thy prayer heard?
And sav'd thee from the plagues thy conscience feard?
Who made thy sinful heart long to be better?
Art thou not for all this to me a debter?
That thou dost miss me, and my pleased face,
That thou dost mourn and groan, is from my grace:
Freely I did forgive thee what was past,
And all thy deadly sins behind me cast.
And yet must I be taken for thy Foe,
And all these accusations undergo?
After all this, canst thou my Love suspect?
And all my comforts peevishly reject?
Dar'st thou deny my Love and Grace, as none,
Because that all the work is not yet done?

Who *wrought* that grace? whose should the honour be?
While thou condemn'st thy self, thou wrongest me.
Watch and reform, and cheerfully obey:
For what thou wanteſt, wait, and ſtrive, and pray.
Thy Love and cheerful duty I require:
It's not thy ſelf-tormenting I deſire.
Humbly look back: remember what thou waſt:
Be not unthankful for the grace thou haſt.
Deny it not, but wait at Mercy's door:
Thankfulneſs is the way to get thee more.
If thou art weak, look up to Chriſt thy ſtrength:
He'll perfect what he hath begun at length:
Is not his grace ſufficient for thee ſtill?
He'll give thee reſt, that freely gave thee *Will*.
If thou ſtand ſtill, or loyter in thy Race;
And if my Spur do bid thee mend thy pace;
Let not the ſmart make thee lie down and whine,
And at thee needful quickening Rod repine:
But, *Up*; Repent; chearfully do thy beſt:
The day's at hand, when thou ſhalt have the *Reſt*.

The Submiſſion.

FAther, forgive my paſſion and raſh words:
Yet I'll be thine: I'll own no other Lords.
Seeing thou wilt accept ſo frail a Worm,
That can without thee no good thing perform;
Still I'll be thine, and ſtand to what I ſaid,
When I my Covenant and reſignment made.
I'll rather groan within, and ſuffer more,
Than laugh with them that ſtand without thy door.
O let thy Will attract and perfect mine!
Hereafter not My Will be done, but *Thine*.
And let the rougheſt way ſeem fair and even,
That hath thy preſence, and doth lead to Heaven.

And as thou bidst me, *Evermore rejoyce*,
Give me a joyful Heart, and praising voice.
Suffer not sin to foil thy grace and me;
But make me such as thou wouldst have me be.
Let streams of Love flow from thy open breast:
And let me wait, and long to feel the *REST*.

12. The Return.

To the Tune of *Pas. Mes. Galliard*:
Or,
To the common Psalm Tunes.

1. WHO was it that I left behind,
When I went last from home?
That now I all disorder'd find,
When to my self I come?

2. I thought I had the door fast lock't,
When I went last away:
And long might strangers there have knockt
If none had found my Key.

3. When I was here the fire did burn,
That now is almost out:
Half dead with cold I sit and mourn,
Perplext with many a doubt.

4. I left it light, but now's all dark,
And I am fain to grope:
Had it not for one little spark,
I should be out of hope.

5. The Rooms I carefully did sweep;
But now I find all foul;
Serpents do crawl, and Vermine creep,
In my polluted Soul.

My

6. My Gospel-Book I open left,
Where I the promise saw:
But now I doubt its lost by Theft,
I find none but the Law.

7. And when my Soul I had undress'd,
And thought some ease to find:
I found distress instead of rest,
Through anguish of my mind.

8. For Thorns were put into my Bed,
Where I was wont to sleep:
Grief is the pillow for my head,
On which I lie and weep.

9. And if I slumber, up I start:
My dreams awake my fears:
The thorns have pierced head and heart;
And drawn forth more than tears.

10. The stormy rain an entrance hath,
Through the uncovered top:
How should I rest when showers of wrath
Upon my Conscience drop?

11. My goods I fear are gone to waste:
The best I cannot find:
The rest are in disorder cast:
Which yet are left behind.

12. I lock'd my Jewel in my Chest:
I'll search lest that be gone:
If this one Guest had quit my breast,
I had been quite undone.

13. I know its sin that did all this:
For nothing else could do it:
I'll charge upon it all I miss,
And with the Law pursue it.

14. My treacherous Flesh hath plaid its part,
And opened Sin the door:
And they have spoil'd and rob'd my heart,
And left it sad and poor.

15. How ſhall I ſee my Landlord's fa
How ſhall I pay his Rent?
When I have thus abus'd his Grace;
And have his Treaſure ſpent?

16. Yet have I one great truſty friend,
That will procure my peace;
And all this loſs and ruine mend,
And purchaſe my releaſe.

17. When I the Prodigal had plaid,
And all my Portion ſpent;
He told me he my Debts had paid,
And bade me but *Repent*.

18. Yea *this* by his ſupply was done:
Whoſe Covenant bade me do it.
Becauſe I had not of my own,
So much as would ſerve to it.

19. And after this when my falſe heart
Forgot my deareſt Lord;
He did perform a Saviour's part,
And ſtill my Soul reſtor'd.

20. I fear'd leſt as but once he dy'd,
He would but once forgive:
But ſtill when in diſtreſs I try'd,
He did my Soul relieve.

21. Still when *He* toook me by the hand,
My Father on me ſmil'd:
Oft have I broken his command,
And yet he call'd me *Child*.

22. I know his Power: And for his *Love*,
It ſpoke by pains and blood:
Largely doth he his kindneſs prove,
And make his promiſe good.

23. Therefore I'll never more deſpair,
Nor take my ſelf for loſt:
For he will all my loſs repair,
Though at the deareſt coſt.

24. Yea more, I have his hand to ſhew,
That when my Leaſe is out,
A Kingdom he'l on me beſtow;
He chides me if I doubt.

25. I'le truſt on him, and uſe his Name,
Whatever be my need:
And I ſhall ſcape the wrath and ſhame,
And ſhall be ſure to ſpeed.

26. And for that ſin that plaid the Thief,
I'le ſtop its poiſonous breath;
Or pine it with conſuming grief,
And famiſh it to death.

27. And I'le take heed for time to come,
Of wandering abroad,
With my beſt conſtant friend at home,
I'le ſettle mine aboad.

28. The Bellows I'le yet take in hand:
Till this ſmall ſpark ſhall flame.
Love ſhall my *heart* and *tongue* command,
To praiſe God's holy Name.

29. Once more I mean to ſweep all clean,
And caſt out filthy ſin:
And Chriſt again I'le entertain,
And wait on him within.

30. I'le mend the Roof: I'le watch the Door,
And better keep the Key:
I'le truſt my treacherous Fleſh no more,
But force it to obey.

31. I'le make a Covenant with my eyes;
My tongue ſhall know its Law:
I'le all the baits of ſin deſpiſe,
And keep my heart in awe.

32. My Bed ſhall be made ſoft by Love;
And there I'le take my reſt:
Or elſe I'le wake till I remove,
Where none dwell but the bleſt.

33. What have I ſaid? *That I'le do this?*
That am ſo falſe and weak?
And have ſo often done amiſs,
And did my Covenants break?

34. I mean, Lord, All this ſhall be done,
If thou my heart wilt raiſe.
And as the work muſt be thine own;
So alſo ſhall the *Praiſe.*

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12. The Lamentation.

Jan. 18. 166⅘.

For Sin afflicting the Sinner; eſpecially by the grievous ſufferings of Friends.

With the Relief of the Self-condemning Soul.

O *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!* O my God!
Muſt I feel nothing but thy ſmarting Rod?
Muſt I be daily on the rack of fears?
And have no drink to quench my thirſt but tears?
Where is the Spring that feeds this bitter ſtream?
That ſtops not, either when I wake or dream?
Theſe Worms of *Fear* and *Grief*, whoſe food I am,
Into the world as brethren with me came:
Youthful diverſions caſt them once aſleep,
But Light awaken'd them to bite more deep.
Since then, I liv'd between thy Book and Rod;
And in thy School of Diſcipline abode:
Sometimes thy gentle twigs toucht but the skin:
Sometimes thy ſharper ſtroaks did enter in:

Most of them fell but on my outward part:
But now they pierce, they wound, they kill my *heart*.
Spare Lord! I sigh, I groan, I weep, I cry!
O spare! before I bleed, I sink, I die!
O spare the *Heart!* or wound none but mine own!
And let me sigh, and weep, and mourn alone!
It's I that sinn'd: these Sheep what have they done?
I sinn'd but with One Heart: O break but One!
Shall I that have extoll'd thy peoples Joys,
And told me of the sweetness of thy ways;
Now by my plaints and dolor make them think,
Thou giv'st us Gall and Vinegar to drink?
Set me not as a spectacle of wrath,
To frighten comers from the holy path.

Be silent flesh! my God is Wise and Just;
Hast thou not sinned? stoop and kiss the dust.
If Passion did not blind thee, thou might'st see,
Justice is good, even when it falls on thee.
It is not causeless, if he pierce the *Heart*:
He doth but chuse the foul, the guilty part.
Had not the door been open'd first to sin,
Terrours and sorrows could not have got in:
If it have room for thoughts of *Pride* and *Lust*;
That trouble should dwell with them, is but just.
Where should the tent be put, but in the wound?
We cleanse the ulcerous part, and not the sound.
Where should *Jehovah*'s battering Canons play,
But at the Fortress where his Enemy lay?

Thence came the viperous brood; there was the root
Of all the bitter, poisonous, deadly fruit.
There God should have been entertain'd in Love.
His *Will* as *End* & *Spring* each wheel should move.
But how unkindly was he there abus'd?
His tender Love and healing Grace refus'd?
Oft have I shut the door when he hath come;
I play'd, or slept, or would not be at home.

Should

Should God be sleighted by a stubborn Heart,
And not rebuke its folly by its smart?
I sinn'd and laugh'd; I lightly pass'd it over:
Should God do so, and not his wrath discover?

Just is the Lord: My sin hath found me out.
I find his threatnings true beyond all doubt:
What have I done! All's now to Confcience known:
Its deep remorse, tells me, *What I have done.*
What have I done! It's graven all in Stone:
This heart of flint, feels now, *What I have done.*
What have I done! my pained flesh and bone,
Cry out with anguish, O *what have I done!*
What have I done! I see, I feel, I groan!
The sad effects proclaim, *What I have done.*
What have I done! My friends distress and moan,
Cry to me night and day, *This thou hast done.*

Melt sinful heart, and spare not! welcom grief!
Away delights! I'le none of your relief.
Shew me the Wilderness, the secret Cell,
Where grief and I may still together dwell!
Where Hills and Woods may eccho all my groans,
And hearers may not interrupt my moans!
Where mortal Eyes may see no more the face,
Which folly hath confounded with disgrace.
Where I may Die alive, and Live in Death;
And spend in Lamentation all my breath.
Seeing deceitful heart-tormenting sin
So cunningly is crept and woven in:
Break it in pieces, turn this *Heart* to dust;
Melt out the dross; purge out the filth and rust.
Spare not the Lance: Or if that will do good,
Drench it in tears: Stop not this brinish flood!

Jesus.

Peace troubled Soul! I'le wash it in my blood.
Woman, why weepest thou? was the first word,
After his Rising, spoken by our Lord, } John 20.
To which his Angels Preface did accord. } 13. 15.

The

The Relief.

Jeſus.

PEace troubled Soul! It's not thy briniſh flood,
Nor troubling Paſſions that muſt do thee good:
Come! freely drink, and bathe thee in this Blood.

Sinner.

What I? ſo vile a wretch! it cannot be!
Alas! I fear it was not ſhed for me!

Jeſus.

Na e'en for thee: So far 'twas ſhed for all,
That they may come and welcome, at my Call.

Sinner.

Alas Lord! I have trampled on thy Blood,
And thy Reproofs, and Calls of Grace withſtood.

Jeſus.

And yet I call thee: Take my Mercy yet:
I'le anſwer for thee: I have paid thy debt.

Sinner.

What mine! that have provoked thee ſo long?
And done thy Blood and Spirit ſo much wrong?

Jeſus.

I dy'd for Enemies: It is my Glory,
To waſh foul hearts, and blot out all their ſtory.

Sinner.

What! one ſo long! ſo terrible! ſo ſad!
Love one ſo hateful! pardon one ſo bad!

Jeſus.

Haſt thou ſuch ſins as I cannot forgive?
Or any wants which I cannot relieve?

Sinner.

I know thy Blood can waſh away my guilt:
I doubt not, thou canſt heal me, if thou wilt.

Jeſus.

How hath my Will deſerved thy ſuſpicion,
When I have made Acceptance *the condition?*

Con-

Consent, and all is thine: My Gift is free:
The purchase is not to be made by thee.

Sinner.

I know what thou wilt do, shall sure be done:
But some God hates: I fear that I am one.

Jesus.

And must the Love *declar'd at such a rate,*
Go vail'd by the suspicion of Hate?
For this I came to Men from God above,
To manifest his great abundant Love:
Mark what my Doctrine, Life and Death intend:
This is their principal design and end:
Not only to reveal God's Power *and* Skill,
But chiefly his Great Mercy *and* Good Will.

Sinner.

Yet he will save none but his own Elect:
Not those that his Salvation neglect.

Jesus.

My Promise, *and* thy Duty, *thou may'st see;*
But canst not search the depth of God's Decree.
Mercy intreats thee: here it's brought unto thee:
Take it, *and* God's Decree *shall not undo thee.*
All are Elect that do not to the last
Refuse me, and my Grace behind them cast.

Sinner.

This I have done, and fear I shall do still,
Till I the measure of my sins fulfil.
Though God be Love it self, I shall have none:
I fear my Day of Grace is past and gone.
Methinks I feel, Grace doth my Soul forsake:
Thy Holy Spirit thou dost from me take.

Jesus.

Here thou art yet alive; my Grace attends thee;
And from the jaws of Death and Hell defends thee.
Satan would fain at once thy Soul devour:
What dangers dost thou walk in every hour?
Yet thou art safe, and hear'st the Preacher's voice:
Come, close with Mercy, and Heav'n will rejoyce.

Dost thou not feel my Spirit still contend ?
And tell thee what it is that thou must mend ?
If yet thou'lt be but willing to be mine ;
I and my Benefits will sure be thine.
I seek ; I knock ; thou find'st I have not done :
Or dost thou say, thy Day of Grace is gone ?

Sinner.

O but I have a Heart as hard as Steel!
I see my misery, but cannot feel!

Jesus.

Fully to feel what thou deserv'st, is Hell.
What measure's best, it's I that best can tell.

Sinner.

I can scarce weep a tear for sin : This Heart
Was never melted yet by all thine Art!
Sure it's a sign my Day of Grace is gone,
When this unhumbled Heart remains a Stone.

Jesus.

Consent but to my Covenant, and be sure,
The remnant of thy Hardness I will cure.
I'le put a tender heart into thy breast :
Believe in me, and I'le forgive the rest.
It is no Mortal Hardness, *if thou chuse*
My Covenant ; and dost not me refuse.
Should'st thou but fully feel thy sin, thou'dst die
None could sustain so great a loud but I.
I felt it for thee : Leave it to my care,
To wound or heal ; to break, afflict or spare.

Sinner.

My sin, my wants, my misery is such.
That I can never feel and grieve too much.

Jesus.

Such breaking's good as breaks the heart of sin :
And maketh way for Love to enter in.
But not the grief that only breaketh ease,
Weakning the Soul, and strengthning the Disease.
Hinder not Love and Joy ; but grieve in measure :
My Blood, and not thy Tears, must be thy Treasure.

Sinner.

Sinner.

Indeed my pureſt ſtreams are too impure:
And cannot thy ſeverity endure
The grief of an impatient ſelfiſh ſpirit,
Cannot thy Pardon or Acceptance merit.
But if this hardened Heart do not relent,
And ſo great ſin and miſery lament,
How canſt thou ſmile on ſuch a brazen face,
As never felt the want and worth of grace?

Jeſus.

Whence do I this complaining language hear,
If neither want nor worth of grace appear?
I'le ſave thee, if but ſo far thou Repent,
As to my Goſpel-Covenant to conſent.
Wilt thou be healed? Truly ſay, I will,
And truſt the cure on thy Phyſicians skill.

Sinner.

O there's my ſin and woe! though Grace be free,
I cannot take thy Grace, or come to thee.
My heart is hardened; I cannot repent:
My Will's enthrall'd; I cannot conſent.
This will condemn me at the dreadful day:
I may have Life, but will not when I may.

Jeſus.

Art thou not willing? why then doſt thou crave it?
Doſt thou complain for grace, & wouldſt not have it?
If thou hadſt rather be ungodly ſtill,
It ſeems thou ſpeak'ſt all this againſt thy will.

Sinner.

Would not the worſt of men be ſav'd from Hell?
And in delight and endleſs pleaſure dwell?
But to be *Holy* I have no deſire,
But as a means to keep me from Hell fire.
When I ſeem to do good, or ill forbear,
It is not out of *Love*, but *ſlaviſh fear*.
All my Religion is but from *Self-love*:
I find no *pleaſure* in the things above.

Jesus.

Natural Love *of* Self *is the foundation*
Which Grace builds on, and useth for Salvation.
He that loves not himself, loves not another:
'Tis as thy Self *that thou must love thy Brother.*
Thy own Salvation is the lawful end,
Which Grace and Nature bind thee to intend.
Why was I made man, but for man's Salvation?
I suffer'd Death to hinder thy Damnation.
These are the ends for which thou must believe:
Life through a Saviour's that thou must receive.
'Tis Carnal Self *that wicked men do love:*
The Lawful Love *of* Self *they'l not improve.*
They all prefer sin's pleasure for a season;
Their fleshly appetite doth rule their Reason.
My and my healing Grace they will not have;
They'l not endure that Mercy should them save.
They hate the Light that would their sin display,
And would direct them in the holy way:
Though they fear Hell, *they always fear much more*
The loss of honour, pleasure, health or store.
No fear of Hell will take their Idol down,
And make them seek first the eternal Crown.
The Fear of God is Wisdom's true beginning:
It calls to Duty, and preserves from sinning:
God must be fear'd, as one that can destroy
The Soul, and shut it out of endless Joy.
The Fear of God's the Just man's Character:
They fear not God indeed that wicked are.
God would be fear'd as a consuming fire:
This is no sin but what he doth require.
Love may lie hidden as a covered seed;
When Fear in troubling Passion doth exceed.
If angry Parents make the Child afraid,
He feels not Love, till Passion be allaid.
Excessive Fear may hinder active Love,
And yet the vital habit not remove:

When

When God's rebukes and frowns the Soul affright,
It may diſpoſe his Children unto flight.
Where Love is true, ſome Hatred may ariſe,
When terrours and deſpair the Soul ſurpriſe.
A loving Child will not his Father own,
When through miſtake or diſtance he's unknown.
The pleaſing part of Love cannot appear,
Under prevailing Grief, and too much Fear:
Until the Soul be calm'd, and theſe abate,
Love is oppreſt, and ſeemeth turn'd to hate.
But doth not love appear in thy Deſire?
Would'ſt thou not Love God more? & fain get higher?
Would it not pleaſe thee more if thou couldſt ſee
His Image clearly printed on thy mind,
His Love and Spirit dwelling in thy heart,
Than of this World to have the choiceſt part?
Wouldſt thou not have a heart that can Repent,
And hate ſin more, and tenderly relent?
A heart more fit to Meditate and Pray?
And walk exactly, and God's Laws obey?
A clearer Light, which may God's mind reveal?
More life and feeling? greater heat of Zeal?
A ſtronger Faith to live on things above,
Where endleſs Praiſe ſhall be the breath of Love?

Sinner.

Whether I ſhould deſire theſe I doubt,
If poſſibly I could be ſav'd without.

Jeſus.

What's Grace for, but to bring thee to Salvation?
To heal thy Soul, and keep thee from Damnation?
Wilt thou its Nature and its Uſe deſtroy,
And then conceit thou doſt it not enjoy?
Think on't, as that which doth Salvation bring,
Or elſe thou mak'ſt it quite another thing.
Grace were not Grace if it did not intend
Thy Happineſs and Glory as its End.
Thy means is nullify'd by ſeparation
From the juſt End to which it hath relation.

What

What do men trade for but their lawful wealth?
And what is Food and Physick for but Health?
Look not on Grace in one divided notion:
But the concordant perfect frame and motion:
Take not one single part, but view the whole,
As it's the Health and Beauty of the Soul;
The Life, the Strength, the Glory, the Delight,
And that which makes it lovely in God's sight;
The honour, safety, gain, and true content;
And that which must the pains of Hell prevent:
Take these as undivided; all in one;
And view not one disjoynted part alone:
If all together seem a choicer treasure
Than worldly gain, and sinful fading pleasure,
And turn the scales in thy deliberation;
Then doubt not of thy Title to Salvation.
But dost thou not desire that God would love thee?
And make thee just and lovely, and approve thee?
Would'st thou not see his face in Glorious Light,
And there sing Allelujah's *in his sight?*
And love him perfectly world without end,
More dearly than thou lov'st thy dearest friend?
Where thou shalt be replenished with joy,
And no disturbance shall thy Soul annoy:
Where no temptation, sin or grief shall come:
Where my own Love and Joy shall be thy home,
Abiding with the Host of Heav'n always,
In the sweet Musick of Jehovah's *Praise.*
This Glorious Life with God, thou must love best:
Set as thy own Felicity and Rest:
In Union and Fruition of a Friend,
Not one, but both the Lovers are the End.
And hast thou no Desire or Will to this?
Would'st thou not live with God in endless bliss?

Sinner.

Some cold Desires of Heav'n the worst may have:
But dreaming lazy Wishes will not save.

Jesus.

Jesus.

Judge by these three for ending all the strife:
Thy Estimation, Choice, *and* Bent *of* Life.
These fleshly pleasures stand in competition:
Know which thou Chusest *as thy best Condition.*
If thou the Everlasting sure Reward,
More than sins fading pleasures dost regard;
If GOD *and thy Salvation be the part,*
Whose Interest stands highest in thy Heart;
If thus his Kingdom thou first seek and crave;
Both it, *and all things needful thou shalt have.*

Sinner.

I fear I do not these thy terms fulfil;
And have not truly a Consenting Will:
Because so great averseness I still find,
To God and Holiness upon my mind;
Such deadness to Believe, Love, and Repent,
That there seems more of Hatred than Consent.
Necessity and Reason use a force
Against my Will and Nature's bent and sourse.

Jesus.

No man can conquer and obtain Salvation,
But by resisting carnal inclination.
Fleshly desires run with speedy course,
And need not Faith's or Reason's help and force.
Earthward you sink propensly as a clod;
But not so easily ascend to God.
One motion's downward; th'other's all up-hill;
Against the byass of the carnal will.
Too much of flesh remaineth in the best:
Some enmity to good sticks in their breast:
Something of Hatred, *even to God and Grace,*
Contends with Love, *and troubleth your race.*
In the most mortified, the flesh yet liveth,
And constantly against the Spirit striveth:
You cannot hear, read, meditate, or pray,
Or any thing that's good, think, do, or say;

But Flesh makes war, and stifly doth resist,
And would prevail, did not my Grace assist.
Conflict and Conquest of this in-bred Foe,
Must be the way of all the good you do.
The Question is not, Whether Flesh do strive?
But, Whether after Flesh or Spirit you live?
It is not opposition that will prove
That thou art void of Faith, or Hope, or Love.
The Law that's in thy Members will still find
Weapons against the Law that's in thy Mind:
The Flesh will so rebell, and put thee to it,
That when thou wouldst do good, thou canst not do it.
There's in one Breast a two-fold Will and Heart,
Acting each of them a contrary part:
There is a Will to Good, and Will to Evil:
One's rul'd by God, the other by the Devil.
A Will to read, and pray, and meditate;
A Will that doth all this oppose and hate.
Do not now stand and whine, nor yield, nor flie;
But use thy weapons: thou must fight or die.
Now live by Faith: Be glad thou hast a Christ,
Whose Spirit fortifies thee to resist:
Making the greatest thing thy thiefest scope;
Keeping alive a secret spark of hope;
Which will not only strive, but overcome;
And through all Foes will safely bring thee home.

Sinner.

But how can I find favour in thy sight,
That have sinn'd wilfully, even in the Light?

Jesus.

Though they that wholly to the last reject
My Sacrifice, no other can expect;
All kind of sin is pardoned by my Merit,
Save the grand blasphemy against the Spirit.

Sinner.

Alas! this is the thing that I fear most,
Lest I have thus blasphem'd the Holy Ghost.

Jesus.

No man that fears, or thinks he hath this sin,
Hath ever truly guilty of it been.
For they deny me all to be the Lord,
Think it no sin to violate my Word.
They set themselves against me with despight,
And justifie the sin which they commit.

Sinner.

But wilt thou take *this*, Lord, for *true consent*,
From a heard heart that can no more relent?
From one that loveth thee no more than I?
That is constrained by necessity?
And while he thus subscribeth to thy Will,
Knowingly crosseth it, and sinneth still?

Jesus.

If thou consent, *it's* Good *that doth thee move*:
And to consent *to* Good, *is truly* Love.
Believe *if thou wouldst* Love: *And in my face,*
Behold the Fulness of God's Love *and* Grace.
If His *abounding* Love *thou didst but know,*
Thy heart with Love *to him would overflow.*
Love *kindleth* Love; *but* Faith *must hold the Glass*
This sight would win thy heart before thou pass.
He that will Love God, *must not think him evil;*
Nor paint him in his Fancy like the Devil.
Satan will make thee fly from God *with hate,*
If he can make thee throughly desperate.
Think'st thou to find thy Love, *before by Faith*
Thou'lt come to me? and hear what Mercy saith?
Thou may'st as wisely search for marks to prove
Thou lovest God, *before thou wilt him love.*
Believe, Consent, Give up Thy self to me;
And I will give my self and Spirit to thee;
I will enable thee to do the rest;
And take the stony Heart out of thy breast:
I'll put God's *Fear and Love into thy Heart,*
That thou may'st never more from him depart.

I'll quench the flames of thy corrupt desire,
And save thee from God's wrath, and from Hell fire.

Sinner.

And wilt thou pardon all the crimson sin,
Of which my wilful heart hath guilty been?

Jesus.

Have I not told thee I will pardon all?
Hast thou sinn'd more than raging bloody Saul?
Or *then* Manasseh's *long and matchless flood.*
Of Witchcraft, Rage, Idolatry and Blood?
Thou yet was pardon'd when he did return,
And in his Prison-Irons pray and mourn.
Trust Me, Subscribe My Covenant and be Mine,
And I and All my Benefits are Thine.

Sinner.

O wondrous Love! where this is kindly felt,
The heart must needs with Love and Sorrow melt!
Wilt thou accept so vile a Wretch as I?
I'll cast my self upon thee, live or die.
My Soul and Body here to Thee I tender:
All that I called mine, I Here Surrender.
To this consent I here subscribe my hand,
Whatever Changes come, to this I stand:
Not by my strength! I trust on Thee, my Lord:
That for performance, thou wil Grace afford.

January 26. 1661.

13. Upon the sight of Mr. *VINES* HIS Posthumous TREATISE ON THE SACRAMEMENT,

Octob. 18. 1656.

Who Dyed a little before.

WHile thou grew'st here, thy fruit made glad
The hearts that sin and death made sad:
Lest we would surfeit of thy fruit,
Thy Life retired to the root.
Desiring with us first to keep,
A Passover before thy sleep *;

* He dyed suddenly on the Lords Day at night, after he had Preacht and Administred the Sacrament.

Weary of Earth, thou took'st thine Ease,
Passing into the land of Peace:
The threatned Evil we foresee,
But hope to hide our selves with Thee.
Though thou art gone, while we must fight,
We'll call it *Victory*, not *Flight*.
When God hath taken up this VINE,
We thought no more to taste its Wine,
Till in the Land of *Salem*'s King,
We drink it new, even from the Spring:

But unexpectedly we find,
Some Clusters which are left behind:
This Mantle from thy Chariot fell;
We know it by the pleasant smell:
Who knows but from this little seed,
Some more such fruitful *Vines* may breed?
The *Tree of Death* bears precious Fruit,
Though in the Earth it have no Root.

Dear Brother! thou art gone before,
And I a wretch wait at the door!
Sin doth not only keep me thence,
But makes me loath to go from hence.
When Christ hath heald me of this sin,
And made me fit; he'l let me in:
Till then, may I but in a Glass,
See what you see with open face;
Sure it will raise my heavy Soul,
And these distrustful fears controul!
And make me willing to be gone,
As knowing *Whither*, and to *Whom*:
If Time be *Nothing*, as some say,
You that were with us yesterday,
Are with us still; or we with you;
Which is the better of the two.
The Soul imbodied in those Lines,
Doth make us say, that, This is VINES:
And if our Hearts with you could be;
Our Lord would say, that there are we.
But as according to desert,
The Heavens have got thy better part;
And left us but some of the Wine,
Whilst they have taken up the *Vine*:
So we look up, and wait, and pray,
And yet still feel, we live in Clay.
Here we are keeping sin's account,
While some small sparks do upward mount,

Crying [*How long, Holy and True!*]
Till we are taken up to you.
Thus also we must follow LOVE *,
To find our HEAD and LIFE above.

* Mr. *A. Burgess* was Minister at *Lawrence* Church: Mr. *Love* succeeded him, and was beheaded by the Remnant of the Long Parliament, which cut off the K. for sending Money to some about the present King. Mr. *Vines* succeeded him.

He that is made by the New-Birth,
A BURGESS of the Church on Earth,
And then by Faith can rise so high,
In Divine LOVE to live and die,
Shall be translated to your soil,
Remov'd from sin, and fear, and toil;
And from this House of Worms & Moles
Unto that Element of Souls.
Where every Branch becomes a VINE;
And where these clods like stars will shine
God is not there known by the Book:
You need not there the pruning-hook:
There you have Wine without the Press;
And God his praise without distress.
There we shall find our eyes and sight,
When we come to our Head and Light.
The Kernel is where you now dwell,
And we here strive about the Shell:
You have the reconciling Light,
Who are past Faith, and live by Sight:
No wonder then if you are one,
When Peace from Earth is almost gone:
We croud about a little spark,
Learnedly striving in the Dark;
Never so bold as when most blind;
Run fastest when the Truth's behind.

No

No Hereſies with you are ſown:
There's not a Truth but all will own:
A mixture we get here by rote;
And Error keeps the *major* Vote:
There Pride and Faction cannot enter;
There's no Diviſion in the Center.
The Saints there play not Satan's part;
They uſe not any carnal Art,
Their Righteous Brethren to defame;
And by untruths to blot their Name.
There you are comely, and not black:
Each one hath all, yet none do lack.
What ſin or ſmart can you befal,
Where SELF's put off, and God is *All*?

Look up and ſee, now VINES is gone;
Are not the Stars the more by *One*?
No: but *One* fewer in our ſight;
For we have forfeited his Light.
And ſuch an *One*, as all do miſs,
Save thoſe whoſe pleaſure darkneſs is.
And who can number Stars above;
When Saints ſo faſt to Heav'n remove?
If but three ſuch in all our times,
As USHER, GATAKER and VINES,
Were taken hence by fatal ſleep;
Three Nations ſhould conſent to weep.
And if an Age this loſs repair;
The Church will think it very fair.
They ſhine in Glory now to God,
Who ſhin'd and burn'd here to a Clod.
May ſuch a ſinful Worm as I,
Aſpire and aſcend ſo high!
That Kingdom's mine in Hope and Right
Which you poſſeſs by Love and Sight,
That God, that Chriſt hath loved me,
Whoſe glory bleſſed VINES doth ſee:

We were both washed in one stream:
And both enlightned by one beam:
One Garment also did us cloath:
At once one Pulpit held us both *;

* Those that saw me stand in his Pulpit at *Lawrence* Church when I Preacht for him, because he could get no other room in the Church, understand this.

Much more One Church: for we agreed
Both in One Method, and one Creed.
One Evil we did both condole †,
As animated by one Soul:

† See his Letter in the end of my Confession.

Methinks where thou art, I should be;
Although the lowest in degree.
Though thou art gone, and I am here;
Yet is my Passing-hour near:
Time is at work both Night and Day,
Even when it seemeth to delay:
My Grave and Coffin are at hand:
My Glass hath but a little Sand:
Now I am writing; and anon
They'l also say of me, He's gone.
Then I shall see the shining face,
Which is the Glory of your Place.
But lest in vain I hope and run,
Lord perfect what thou hast begun!

14. A Dialogue between

Death and the Believer.

A Ruſtick Song, ſet to a pleaſant Tune.

Death.

COme with me, poor Mortal,
Quickly come away:
My Name is Dreadful Death.
Through this narrow Portal,
Come without delay;
For here I'le ſtop thy Breath.
Preſently my Dart
Shall pierce thee to the Heart,
And away thy Life I'le haue:
It is in vain to fly,
Or any Friend to try:
For there's none that can thee ſave.

Believer.

2. Welcom friendly Death;
What canſt thou do to me,
That I have cauſe to fear?
Though thou ſhalt ſtop my breath,
Yet I in life ſhall be,
When thou ſhalt not be there.
And though the Gate be ſtreight,
It leads unto that height,
Where I ſhall defie thy Dart:
Willingly I yield,
As armed by that Shield,
That will ſave my nobler part.

Death.

3. *Come away frail Man,*
And open now thy Breast,
And take thy mortal wound:
Let Friends do what they can,
And Physick do its best,
They'll all too weak be found.
Lay now aside thy mirth,
And turn unto thy Earth:
I will give thee the fatal blow:
It is in vain to wish;
Thou canst not save thy flesh:
For my Power thou shalt know.

Believer.

4. Readily I come,
As being not the first,
That hath past through thy door:
Thou shalt but help me home,
When thou hast done thy worst;
And thou shalt be no more:
By drawing out my blood,
Thou shalt but do me good:
And ease me of my grief:
And though thou look so grim,
Thou shalt bring me to him,
That will give me full relief.

Death.

5. *Thy flesh I'll turn to Clay,*
And all thy Bones to Dust;
And leave thee in the Grave,
Make no longer stay,
For come away thou must;
It is in vain to crave:
Clothed from head to feet,
But with a Winding-sheet,
My Prisoner thou shalt be;
Bearing my loathsom mark,
Thou shalt ly in the dark,
And the face of no man see.

Believer.

Believer.

6. Thou ſhalt but dig the ground,
Where God his Seed will ſow,
And raiſe it at the Spring:
And there I ſhall be found,
And Chriſt his own will know,
And unto Glory bring:
When here I ceaſe to live,
A better Life he'll give,
Which thou ſhalt not deſtroy:
And though *this* Life thou ſpill,
My Soul thou canſt not kill,
Nor again with fears annoy.
7. When thou put'ſt out theſe eyes,
I ſhall receive my ſight:
My day will all be Noon:
Above the ſpangled Skies,
Where never ſhall be Night,
Nor need of Sun or Moon:
The Grave alſo ſhall keep
My Duſt in quiet ſleep,
Till the coming of my Lord:
That fleſh ſhall ſhine with God,
That now is but a Clod;
And muſt lie as a thing abhor'd.

Death.

8. *Thy merry Daies are gone;*
Thou ſhalt no longer ſtay:
Thy Life ſhall end in pain:
Thy time and work is done,
And all thy ſport and play;
And never ſhall come again.
Here take thy leave of Health,
And of thy Goods and Wealth;
And of every pleaſant Friend:
Bid farewel to them all,
For here thy Corps ſhall fall;
And the world to thee ſhall end.

Believer.

9. Boast not, O conquered Foe!
For thou couldst have no strength,
But what comes from my sin:
My Lord will overthrow
Thy power at the length;
And will thy prisoners win:
Thou couldst not keep my head,
When he lay in thy Bed;
But he rose, and now doth Reign:
He'll take away thy sting,
And endless Life will bring,
And with him shall I remain.

10. How oft have I undrest me,
And laid my Garments by,
And dyed till the next day?
I do but go to rest me,
And shall rise speedily;
My Lord will not delay.
When thou hast broke this shell,
My Soul with Christ shall dwell,
And with Saints and Angels bright.
This World is but the Womb,
From which my Soul must come,
Into the Eternal Light.

11. And what tho Death be painful?
The pain is quickly past;
My Soul shall soon be freed:
My Lord shall make it gainful:
The gain shall ever last;
And Joy shall Grief succeed.
And though the place seem strange,
And Nature fear a change;
Yet I with Christ shall be.
And when with him I dwell,
I know I shall be well,
And his glorious Light shall see.

12. Thou

Thou ſhalt but kill my ſin,
And crown my painful Race,
And end my Grief and Fear:
hou ſhalt but let me in
To ſee the bleſſed face
Of my Redeemer dear.
d is it any loſs
o follow with my Croſs,
Till I attain the Crown?
s he that truly dyes,
hat Mercy doth deſpiſe,
And at laſt God will diſown.

3. I knew that from my Birth
I was a mortal man:
My frailty is confeſt.
new my Fleſh was Earth;
y Life was but a ſpan.
And here is not my Reſt.
thou canſt ſay no more,
All this I knew before,
And yet thy threats defie.
lave I long ſought in pain,
nd would I not obtain,
Joyful Eternity?

4. O feeble thing!
How canſt thou conquer Chriſt,
And make his Promiſe void?
inſt overcome my King,
And his Command reſiſt,
By whom thou art employ'd:
inſt win the World above,
nd conquer endleſs Love;
And then I'le be thy ſlave:
ill an immortal Soul,
nd we will all condole,
And fear a darkſom grave.

15. It's

15. It's Christ that doth thee send,
To bring about his end;
And him thou must obey.
He is my dearest Friend,
And doth no harm intend,
In calling me away.
And why should he fear ill,
Whom Love it self doth kill?
And numbreth with the Blest?
Why should not Death fulfil,
His good All-ruling WILL,
My SPRING, my GUIDE, my REST?

Hoc migraturus scripsi sub imagine Carmen.

FArewel vain World: As thou hast been to me
Dust and a shadow, such I leave to thee.
The unseen *Life* and *Substance* I commit
To him that's *Substance, Life, Light, Love* it self.
Some *Leaves* and *Fruit* are dropt for soil and seed
Heaven's Heirs to generate; to heal and feed:
Them also thou wilt flatter and molest;
But shalt not keep from Everlasting Rest.

Vel,

Munde dolose vale: mihi vera palestra fuisti:
Perficitur Cursus; certa corona manet.
Vita fugax cessat: Praestant aeterna caducis:
Mens superos visit: Pulvere pulvis erit.
Excipe Christe tuum: Tibi vixi: Errata remitte:
Spe tibi commissum perfice Christe tuum.

mortis mors es: Vitæ tu vita perennis.
Gloria noſtra Tua eſt Gloria, Lumen, Amor.
Non loca, non cœtus, non hinc ſperata videntur.
Optimus, Omnividens, Maximus *illa videt.*

THE Engliſh Verſes written on a fair Marble over the Grave where my Wife and her Mother are buried, in the upper end of *Chriſt's-Church* Chancel (broken and loſt by the fall of the Church when burnt) were theſe.

Thus muſt thy Fleſh to ſilent Duſt deſcend,
Thy mirth and worldly pleaſure thus will end:
Then happy holy Souls: but woe to thoſe,
Who Heav'n forgot, and earthly pleaſures choſe.
Hear now this Preaching Grave: without delay,
Believe, Repent, and work while it is day.

AD-

ADDITIONS TO THE POETICAL FRAGMENTS, OF Rich. Baxter.

WRITTEN For himself, and Communicated to such as are more for serious Verse than smooth.

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A SUPPLEMENT TO THE Poetical Fragments.

I. *Grace.*

GOds perfect *Power* did this *great* World Create,
Gods perfect *Wisdom* all in *Order* Plac't,
Gods perfect *Goodness* made all very *Good*,
But Sin Gods Image on Mans Soul defac't.

Power caus'd *Necessity*, and *Wisdom Order*,
And both by *Goodness* caused *Harmony*;
All in one perfect Frame Gods Glory shew,
Praise him and please him with pure Melody.

Sin could not change *Necessity*, nor that
Disorder which God fixt above Mans reach;
But the Free Lord Free Agents also made,
And there by Sin *Free-Will* did make the breach.

This Breach to Man was Punishment it self,
For God before had order'd Nature so,

That

That Poyſon would cauſe Pain, and Wounds cauſe
And Sin to Sinners Miſery and Woe. (ſmart

Goodneſs is *Love* delighting to do good,
Wiſdom reſolves this fowl breach to repair,
And make advantage of Mans Sin and Woe,
Juſtice and *Mercy* largely to declare.

Hurt is ſoon done: the Wound was quickly made,
The Cure muſt be performed by degrees:
A Saviours Grace muſt exerciſed be,
Wiſdom with *Love* to do the Work decrees.

Mans Soul Incorruptible Subſtance is
Eſſential Life; not made it ſelf to die.
Its final State then like it ſelf will be,
Durable Happyneſs or Miſery.

But it is plac't in Corruptible Fleſh
And the Compounded Frame that's called Man,
Muſt be diſſolv'd; for Sin hath cauſed death;
And Fleſh muſt turn to Earth, whence it began.

But He who Mans Salvation undertook
Is perfect Primitive *Life*, *Light* and *Love*;
And will give Compound Life again to Man,
In joyful Glory with Himſelf above.

But as in Nature God great difference made,
Stones are not Men; all have their proper place;
Men are not Stars, and Stars are not the Sun,
So he will make great difference in Grace.

Man is not helpleſs left to meer deſpair,
Life is again made poſſible to all;
The former terms of Innocence now ceaſe,
Mercies all Sinners to Repentance call.

A Law of ſaving Grace is newly made,
All that accept it and conſent ſhall live,
Truſt but a Saviour for that bleſſed Life,
And he will freely Grace and Glory give.

But yet Mans Life on Earth a Warfare is,
Gods Grace and Satans Malice daily Fight;
And all that will be Say'd muſt overcome;
Sin's vanquiſhed by Grace, Darkneſs by Light.

Each part their Captain have, & they their bands,
Not made by Force, but Doctrine and Conſent;
Each Man as Rational and Free Commands,
One draws to Sin, the other to Repent.

Sin hath its Puniſhment, the worſt within,
When for neglect of Grace, God it ſuſpends
But the correction of the Fleſh for Sin,
Furthers Repentance, and the Soul amends.

Thus all on Earth have ſome degrees of Grace,
Which Reaſon tells us, they ſhould not abuſe,
Which bringeth ſome ſo far to *Adam*'s caſe,
They ſtand or fall as they theſe Mercies uſe.

But God will not his Grace at random give,
And leave the event to uncertainty,
But hath his Choſen, who ſhall ſurely live,
In whom his ſaving Grace ſhall never die.

The two firſt Brothers did this War begin,
He kill'd and conquer'd who was firſt by birth,
He that ſeem'd Conquer'd, Triumphed by death,
The Victor's a curſt Vagabond on Earth.

This War continu'd is unto this day,
Between the Holy and the Serpents ſeed,
Theſe Brothers the prognoſtick Inſtance were,
Of all that ever after ſhould ſucceed.

But the worſt War is inward; Grace and Sin,
The controverſie daily there debate
That which the Final Victory doth win,
Determineth Mans everlaſting ſtate.

A Law of Grace thus made to all Mankind,
In *Adam* and *Noe* common roots of all;

Ill entertainment with fall'n Mandid find,
Who moſtly to Idolatry did fall.

The ſtrength of Sin is Love to Fleſh and World,
And averſe ſtrangeneſs to a better life.
It ſtronger grew by cuſtom, and abhor'd
All motions tending to the Souls relief.

But Gods Electing Grace ſhall not be void,
In *Abel*, *Henoch*, *Noe* he this declar'd,
But ſpecially in *Abraham* whoſe great Faith,
He with a ſpecial Promiſe did reward.

Not calling back the common Law of Grace,
He choſe his Seed as a peculiar Nation,
Gave them a proper Law, and of them rais'd
The Lord Incarnate, Author of Salvation

Yet was their Dignity moſt Typical,
As was their Law, to ſhew what God would do,
When he the Nations unto Chriſt would call,
And build his Church as Catholick anew.

Sin ſoon prevail'd; their Land was dry and ſmall;
Seldom from under Enemies and Waſte;
But they Gods Oracles preſerv'd for us,
And from their Vine we all Salvation taſte.

But as in Nature God works by degrees,
From Seed to Infancy, from thence to Youth;
From thence to Manhood and Maturity;
So did he in revealing Grace and Truth.

Faln Man his Infancy and Childhood had
In the old Laws, dark Types and Propheſies:
But in times fulneſs, God Incarnate came,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs to Man did riſe.

Three Laws he did fulfil, one as a Man,
Once made for all; Another as a Jew:
The third as Saviour proper to himſelf;
Then for his Church, he made another new.

He Preacht Gods Will; Proclaimed saving Grace,
Brought to light Life and Immortality; (Face,
Declar'd Gods Love; shew'd Man Gods pleased
A Sacrifice for sinful Man did die.

He came to conquer Satan, destroy Sin,
And heal sick Souls of Worldly Fleshly Love,
To raise the Earthly Mind of Man to God,
And bring him to a better Life above.

Words were too weak for this, his works must do it.
He was to teach Man how to bear the Cross,
To deny Life and live above this World,
For Heav'n to count all here as Dung and Loss.

Wonder of Wonders! God appears in Flesh,
Preacheth to Sinners, calls them home to God,
Dies for them as a Sinner on a Cross
Till the Third day among the Dead Abode.

Himself the greatest Wonder, many wrought,
Heal'd all diseases, gave the blind their Sight,
Raised the Dead, by present bare Command;
Long, before many, in the open Light.

The Third day rose from Death, stay'd Forty days,
Describes his Laws, Church-Covenant and Seals:
Commissions his Apostles; promiseth
His Spirit which all saving truth Reveals.

Ascendeth up to Heaven before their Eyes,
And before Multitudes at *Pentecost*,
Gives them the gift of Miracles and Tongues,
By giving them the promis'd Holy Ghost.

(Tongues.
They Preach Christ to the World, speak various
Work Miracles, Heal Sickness, Raise the Dead:
Convey this Power and Spirit unto others, (Spread.
Thus through the World, the Word of Life they

These many Wonders, not in Corners wrought,
Converted Thousands, Conquer'd unbelief,

But

But above all, his great Convincing Works,
The Spirits Sanctifying Grace was Chief.

The Erring know the truth; Fools are made wise,
The Proud made humble, Wrathful ones mad
The Worlds fond lovers now do it despise, (meek
Kill fleshly lusts, and Heavenly Glory seek.

Sin is a hated thing, God now is all.
Love makes all Common, for it makes all One,
Zeal for good Works, Patience in bearing Wrong
Were the true Marks by which Christs flock was
(known.
Had not Christ added this convincing Seal,
Tongues, Miracles and Sanctifying Grace,
The Wonder of Redemption is so great,
That Faith to unbelief must needs give place.

Apostles Mortal were: before they Die,
For future Ages they Christs sacred Word,
His Deeds, Laws, Doctrine by the promis'd Spirit,
To guide the Church, infallibly record.

As *Moses* gave the *Jews* the only Law, (Teach
Which following Priests and Prophets were to
So th' Holy Ghost by the Apostles wrote,
The Word which after Ages were to Preach.

As *Moses* Law was Seal'd with Miracles,
When such the following Ages did not need,
So Christs Apostles did by Wonders Seal
Those Records which the after Ages read.

The Spirit promis'd to the Apostles was,
To lead them to all needful saying Truth,
And bring Christs words to their remembrances,
What they by his Commission did, Christ doth.

Their Writings are the Holy Ghosts own Book,
Though human Imperfection do appear;
In Modes and Phrases, it's no just offence;
But leaves the Truth and Use still sure and clear.

Words but the Vehicle of matter be,
God's Spirit owns not the Translators Words;
But if as signs, they with his Words agree,
The Sense and Matter of them is the Lords.

This Spirit helps the Church, but not to bring
Another Gospel, Law, or Word from Heav'n,
Nor mend or change God's Laws in word or sense,
But to preach and obey the word once given.

To bring *new Laws* or *Messages* from *God*;
A *Prophet's* Office is, and not a *Priests*,
To *forge such*, or make *Laws for all the Church*,
The Authors prove, *false Prophets*, or *false Christs*.

Christian Religion is one stablish'd thing,
Which all the Church from first to last may know,
It is not human, changeable or new,
Nor doth by Mens decrees increase and grow.

If Canons no part of Religion be,
But Laws for Rites and things indifferent;
Why must all Christians needs in these agree,
Or not agreeing by Church-Wars be rent?

The Church hath all one Head, one perfect Law,
All justified be by Christs Blood and Merit;
All that are true, though weak, Christ doth receive,
For all are sanctified by one Spirit.

The Holy Ghost in all true Christians dwells,
He doth illuminate, and make them New;
This is Christs Agent, and his Body forms,
His Witness proving that his Word is true.

This Spirit did the Gospel first indite,
And on it did Gods Image first ingrave,
And then by it, as his great Instrument,
That Image Prints on all that he will save.

Though it be long of their resisting Will,
That any of this Grace deprived be;

Yet Scripture and Experience, clearly tell,
That differencing, electing Grace is free.

In Children it appears, when God doth chooſe,
He gives a teachable and willing Mind;
Good Diſpoſitions, and Capacity,
By Grace their Nature is to good inclin'd.

Grace chooſeth Parents careful of their Souls,
Helps them to educate them in Gods fear;
To commend Virtue, and diſgrace all Vice,
Teach them God's Word, and cauſeth them to hear.

Gods Seed in ſuch is often early ſow'd,
And as they grow it ſprings up by degrees;
As Plants, and Fruits, by Sun and Moiſture grow'd,
Whoſe preſent growth and motion no Man ſees.

The firſt beginnings of the Spirits work,
Is in a learning Mind, and fear of Sin;
A love and liking of good things and Men,
'Gainſt Sins for Duty, Conſcience ſtrives within.

Grace watcheth over them, provides them helps,
Meet Teachers, Books, Examples, Company;
Keeps off temptations, cauſeth them to hate
Lying, bad Words and Deeds, and Ribaldry.

Bad Childrens Hearts are quite averſt to good,
They love not Virtue, reliſh not God's Law;
Tempting Diſcourſe, Examples, Vanities,
Catch on their Hearts, as Fire doth on Straw.

If early helps, Parents and Teachers fail,
And Sin the childiſh Mind and Life pervert;
If Folly, Fleſh, and tempting Baits prevail,
Yet God his choſen will in time convert.

He'l either give them better Company,
Or better Helps and Teachers whom he'l bleſs;
Or bring ſome uſeful Book unto their Eye,
And make their Snares, and their Temptations leſs.

O

Or he'l some sharp Affliction on them lay,
Which may awake the hardened sleepy Heart;
Or Conscience shall some quickning motion feel,
Tell them their Sins, their Danger, and Desert.

O! How the Case with Sinners now is chang'd,
Things all appear now in another shape;
Sin now is Madness; mad he calls himself,
For loving Death, and thinks now how to scape.

Now God is holy, just, his Word is true,
He is in earnest, though Sinners be in jest;
The face of all his Works and Ways seem new, (best.
Those things seem worst, which formerly seem'd

The common Texts and Truths he daily heard,
Do now begin to have some Life and Sense:
He wonders how he past them by before,
As if they had been of no consequence.

(his Heart,
That wounds, and shames, and grieves, and breaks
Which formerly was his Delight and Pleasure,
That's Vanity, and mortal Poyson now;
For which he hungred as his Food and Treasure.

Now the mad Prodigal comes to himself,
Perhaps the World doth him its Husks deny,
Why, saith he, did I leave a Fathers House?
There none do want; here I must starve and die.

O that I had not tasted Satan's Bait,
Nor pampred Flesh, and pleas'd vain Appetite,
Neglected Grace, and things of greatest Weight,
Nor medled with Sins poisonous Delight!

But the time lost can never be recall'd,
The Works of Madness cannot be undone;
I have undone my self; is there no help?
I know all else is vain; there is but one.

A Fathers Love affordeth me some hope,
The World gives none: I must return or die;

I'le go, and humbly, all my Sin confeſs,
And caſt my ſelf upon his Clemency.

But God is juſt and holy: how can I,
Defil'd with Sin and Guilt, ſtand in his ſight?
Now the ſick Soul a ſure Phyſician needs,
There is one Saviour, who is Gods Delight.

He is the *Way*, by whom Men come to God;
He is the *Truth*, to ſave the World from Errour;
He is the *Life*, to ſave from endleſs Death,
Self-murdering Souls, ſubject to Helliſh Terrour.

And now the Goſpel's better underſtood;
Redemption ſeemeth not a needleſs thing;
His Thoughs are precious, of Chriſts precious Blood,
His Mediator, Prophet, Prieſt and King.

The Goſpel now is Tydings of great Joy,
Pardon of Sin, Adoption, Peace with God,
Freedom from Terror, Satan, Sin and Hell,
Man's ſelf-made, and God's juſt revenging Rod.

He ſees why Love in Man's repair, muſt be
As much admir'd, as Power in our Creation,
Sinners cannot immediately God ſee,
But by a Mediator have Salvation.

Now all things elſe ſeem loſs and dung for Chriſt;
Wiſdom is Folly where Chriſt is left out;
To know him is the true Philoſophy;
The reſt doth teach Men but to prate and doubt.

Some glimps of God and Heav'n, blur'd Nature yields.
But its but as a Candle to this Sun;
Others towards God and Heav'n, may grope and creep.
Chriſtians with joyful hope, believe and run.

But will Chriſt to ſuch Sinners Saviour be,
Who long and wilfully contemn'd his Grace?
Yes, if they have but hearts to him to come;
He excepts none: He'll all their Sins deface.

The Prodigal now hopefully resolves,
In Christ I'le trust, and to my Father go,
When there's but one way, who should stand and doubt?
The Vanity of all things else I know.

If in his House I may the lowest be,
His wondrous Grace, I will with thanks proclaim;
My Sin and Misery I will confess,
And in Repentance take deserved shame.

And when repenting Souls are thus resolv'd,
And with design do towards their Father come,
They are surpriz'd with unexpected love,
Grace feasts, forgives them, bids them welcom home.

Now the returned Soul doth dwell with God,
And God in him, for there his Spirit dwells,
God hath his highest Love, Heaven his chief hope,
Christ is his Life; he trusteth to none else.

O how much better is it with him now;
How wise, how safe, to what he was before?
What he's yet short of, Faith hath in its view;
He'l choose the way of Sin and Hell no more.

Now farewel mortal Sin, stoop brutish Flesh,
Now Pride and Lust come down, submit to Faith;
Farewel ensnaring Sports and Company,
Farewel Deceit, I'le hear what Scripture saith.

Now all is new, new Judgments, Love and Life,
New Hopes, Delights, a new intended End;
The means then must be new, or better us'd;
New friends, new thoughts, and all that to it tend.

But yet, though out of *Egypt* he be come,
Through the Read Sea, he's in a Wilderness;
Faith must be try'd by many Enemies,
Hard Journeys, Wants, delayed Hopes, Distress.

And Flesh still strives, Satan still busie is,
The World will tempt, Sin's not quite overcome;

Dark Fears and Unbelief do yet hang on,
We are in hope, but are not yet at home.

But yet we have the leading Fire and Cloud,
The Law, the Angels Presence as we pass;
Moses fell in the Wilderness; but there
The Tempter by our Saviour vanquish'd was.

The Law was weak, and nothing perfect made,
Grace giveth light, and life, and love, and strength;
And though it long, and oft assaulted be,
It Conquereth, and Triumpheth at length.

It is the work of God, who knows his own,
And makes them Christs beloved interest;
All that are given him, he loves and keeps,
And brings them to the promis'd land of rest.

Grace suited is, to every Time and State,
To Childhood, Manhood, and decrepid Age;
An Antidote against contagious Pleasures,
Yet grief, wrath, fear, and suffering doth assuage.

It useth every State for the true end;
It sanctifies Prosperity and Wealth;
Still doing good, and doth to Godward tend,
To him devoteth time, life, wit, and health.

It useth Friends and Enemies for God,
Improveth kindness, easily bears wrong;
Loves others as our selves, doth right to all,
Hopes for a blessed end, when Sufferings long.

It takes not too much part with pained Flesh,
It ruleth Reason, Appetite and Sense;
Conquers Temptation, keepeth inward peace,
Keeps near to God, who is our sure Defence.

It all the way foresees the blessed end,
Motives to Duty, Comfort in all Grief,
It fetcheth more from God and Heav'n, than Earth,
In every Case from Christ it finds Relief.

It ſpendeth Health and Life in Preparation,
For foreſeen Death, and the Souls final change,
Is not ſurprized without expectation;
It truſteth Chriſt, when things unſeen ſeem ſtrange.

All this Grace doth, in various degrees,
In moſt but weak, imperfect in the beſt;
Clog'd here with Fleſh, and contradicting Sin,
But ends in Glory and Eternal Reſt.

Its whole work is to bring Mans Will to God,
As our Original, our Guide and End,
Thankfully take his Grace, obey his Word,
And wholly love him as our chiefeſt Friend.

And more than ſo, to love him for himſelf,
The final Object of created Love;
This only perfect ones, perfectly do,
Who ſee Gods Glory in the World above. *Amen.*

Jan. 6. 1683.

II. *Wisdom.*

HE that by Faith sees not the World of Spirits,
Which Christ with his blest Family inherits;
The Sense of Providence can never know,
Nor Judge aright of any thing below.

Things seem confused and neglected here,
Because in broken parcels they appear;
Who knows a Work in *Arras* by one Piece?
Small parcels shew not Workmen's Artifice.
The Beauty of a Picture is not known,
When one small part, or Limb alone is shewn;
They that on some few Letters only look,
Can never know the meaning of Gods Book.
Who knows a stately Building by one Post?
Its but short scraps that one Age sees at most.

Heav'n seeth all, and therefore knows the sense
Of the whole beauteous frame of Providence.
His Judgment of Gods Kingdom needs must fail,
Who knows no more of it than this dark Goal:
If Heaven and Hell were open to mens sight,
Most Men of present things would judge aright.

Who would be griev'd at prosperous Sinners reign,
Who did foresee their everlasting pain?
Who would grudge pride and rage, so short a pow'r,
Who did foresee its fall, and dismal hour?
Who'd grudg Gods Patience to the greatest crime
Which will scape Vengeance for so short a time?
Who'd grudge at any wrong or suffering here,
Who saw the World of happiness so neer?

If that *one Sun* a Thousand Fold excel
This Earth in bigness, where we Sinners dwell;

(And what's one Sun to all the Heav'n beside ?)
Is not God's Kingdom glorious and wide?
Who then dare say, Gods work is not well done,
Because an Ant-hill is not made a Sun ?
Or because Sin and devilliſh Rage do dwell,
In this vile Priſon which is next to Hell?
Who'd meaſure God's great Kingdom, or his Love,
By us poor Priſoners who in Fetters move ?

God placed Man in earthly Paradiſe,
Heaven's outward Court, the way to higheſt bliſs.
And Man himſelf doing what God forbade,
His Houſe a *Bedlam* and a *Bridewel* made ;
Man turn'd it by his ſinful baſe defection,
Into Gods Priſon and Houſe of Correction.
Gods wondrous Mercies, which do never fail,
Fetch many Sons to Heav'n out of this Goal.

If the reſt finally neglect God's Grace,
And chooſe no better than this ſinful place.
The Dream of pleaſure which will end in ſhame,
They had their choice,& whom elſe can they blame ?

Who'd cenſure God for one poor *Bedlams* ſake,
But ſuch as of his Madneſs do partake?
And though he rage, and ſober Men diſdains,
Who loves his Caſe, or longeth for his Chains ?

Who envy wicked Men, their hurting Power,
Who do believe their ſad approaching hour ?
Who the Toads hurtful Venom envieth,
Who'd have the Baſilisks pernicious Breath ?
Who longs to be a Serpent for the ſting?
Its worſe to be a Great, but hurtful King.
Chriſtians by patience win a better Crown,
Than all the Bloody Conquerors Renown.
True Chriſtian Kings, who rule in peace & love,
A better Kingdom have with Chriſt above.
Our King may with more peace and ſafety Rule,
Than the great *Turk*, *Tartarian*, or *Mogul*.

No King so mighty as the Devil is,
Nor hath Dominions so large as his.
Yet would no wise Man such a Devil be,
That he might be as powerful as he;
If any would be such, his own desire,
Makes him a Devil fitted for Hell Fire.
Madness call'd Wisdom is, and Rules in chief,
With all that cannot see beyond this Life:
To them that see not beyond Flesh and Blood,
And taste no better than these Senses Food;
That know not the true everlasting good,
Nothing on Earth is rightly understood.

The Heavenly Light must open Sinners eyes,
Before they ever will be truly wise:
One real prospect of the Life to come,
A true belief whither Mens Souls are gone,
Would more felicitating Wisdom give,
Than foolish sensual Men will now believe.

Call not that Wisdom which will end in shame,
Which undoes him who by it wins the Game:
A Wit that can deceive himself and others,
Wit to destroy his own Soul and his Brothers:
Wit that can prove that Sin's a harmless thing,
That Sin's no Sin, or no great hurt will bring;
That with the Serpent can give God the Lie,
And say, believe not God; you shall not die.
Wit that can prove that God speaks but in jest,
That present Fleshly Pleasure is Mans best:

Wit that can prove Gods Wisdom is deceiv'd,
And Sacred Scriptures should not be receiv'd:
Wit to confute God's Word, reject his Grace,
Lose time, sin boldly, post toward Hell apace.
Defend the Devil's Cause, his own Damnation,
Slight God, neglect a Saviour and Salvation.
Call not that Wisdom, which Men would disown,
And wish at last that they had never known.

To go with Honour, ease, and sport to Hell,
And there with shame and late repentance dwell.
Truth is for Goodness, Wisdom's Use and End,
To which true Learning, and just Studies tend,
Is, that *this* may be throughly understood,
To be Good, do Good, and *get endless Good.*
False Wit employ'd in hurting other Men,
Writes its own Death in blood, with its own Pen:
It forceth many to their self-defence,
Who fain would live in quiet Innocence.

Kites, Foxes, Wolves, have wit to catch their prey,
Yet harmless Sheep live quieter than they.
Men keep their Flocks that they may multiply,
So that but few by Wolves and Lions die;
But hurtful ravenous Beasts all Men pursue,
While all destroy them, there remains but few.

Some slight God's Word, because weak Men abuse it;
What's Law or Reason then, when all misuse it?
Men will not despise God, nor sin, nor die,
But they will give a learned Reason why.
What is so false, which Wit cannot defend,
And that by Volumes confidently pen'd?
Reason can justifie the greatest wrong,
The basest lie can hire a learned Tongue.
What Cause so vile, that cannot Wit suborn?
Men will not without Reason be forsworn.
Reason can make Rogues of the best of Men,
And make a Church of Saints a Serpents Den;
Can make usurping Lucifer a Saint,
And Holy Martyrs, like to Devils paint.
Even Reverend Wit, can by transforming Skill,
Make Hereticks, and Schismaticks at will;
It can prove white is black, and black is white,
That night is day, and grossest darkness Light.
Say what you will, Reason can prove it true,
What is't that drunken Reason cannot do?

How rare is that bleſt place, that Age or Seaſon,
Which may not own this Character of Reaſon?
And muſt we therefore bruitiſhneſs prefer,
Becauſe well uſed Reaſon is ſo rare?
But when the drunken frenzie fit is gone,
And Devils their deceiving Work have done;
When Death the dreaming Sinner doth awake,
O what a dreadful Change doth God then make?
Then wiſe Men only are the pure and juſt,
Who Chriſt, who God obey, and in him truſt.

III. *Madneſs.*

LOrd! is not Man, tho lodg'd in Fleſh and Blood,
A noble Vital, intellectual Spirit?
Thou mad'ſt him in thine Image, wiſe and good,
Earth's Paradiſe, Heav'ns Suburbs to inherit.

How comes a reaſonable human Soul,
Transform'd by ſuch a monſtrous ugly change;
Into a Bruitiſh, Raging, Wicked Fool,
To God, himſelf and wiſdom, blind and ſtrange?

Thou gav'ſt him ſight, who hath put out is Eyes?
Thou gav'ſt him knowledge, who hath made him mad?
Ev'n Satan, promiſing to make him wiſe,
Thou mad'ſt him holy, Sin hath made him bad.

Did not endavours, bleſſed by thy Grace,
Reſtore ſome Holy Wiſdom in thine own?
The Souls which Sin and Satan did deface,
Would not from Bruits and Devils well be known.

Its ſtrange in Man, how theſe two twiſted be,
To be a Bruit, and a Malignant Devil?
Folly and wickedneſs too well agree,
A fool to goodneſs, is wiſe to do evil.

Children do quickly learn to ſerve the Fleſh,
Their Pride, their Appetite, and their Self-will;
Eager for every thing that theſe can wiſh,
But little knowing what is good or ill.

Their Senſe and Fancy do ſo ſtrongly Rage,
That Teachers ſpeak in vain, Fleſh will not hear,
Bruitiſhneſs gets advantage by their Age,
Till Grace comes in, and opens heart and ear.

Depraved Nature, made by cuſtom worſe,
Makes Reaſon now a fetter'd ſlave to Senſe;
Increaſed Sin becomes a double Curſe,
Fights againſt God, and is its own Defence.

As Fleſh grows up, ſo Senſe and Fancy grow:
Luſt and vain Pleaſure now do Tyranize;
What croſſeth theſe they hate, & would not know,
And raging Fleſh abhorreth to be wiſe.

Yet wiſe in wickedneſs, they needs will ſeem,
They can confute their Teachers with a breath;
All that reproves them they as error deem,
And become Advocates for Sin and Death.

And now the ſame who Infant-Chriſtians were,
And did renounce the Fleſh, the World, & Devil;
Fleſh, World, and Devils, ſerious Servants are,
And Chriſt blaſpheme as Patron of their Evil.

Now *God* and *Conſcience*, ſeem their greateſt foes,
God as above them doth controle their luſt:
He that pleads *Conſcience*, for an Enemy goes,
And all that's done againſt him goes for juſt.

God's call'd to Sinners Bar, and there condemn'd,
As heading Rebels that do him obey:

Before thoſe fools, his Laws are all contemn'd,
Chriſt muſt be taught to think and ſay as they.

And being once engag'd in Satans war,
His daring Souldiers, they are quickly made;
But little wit and labour needful are,
To learn the Lying, Hating, Hurting Trade.

Now valiant *Bedlam*, drunken, devilliſh wit,
Conquers reſiſtance, Triumphs over all:
Fights againſt all that help not, or ſubmit,
To bring Church, Kingdoms, Souls, to Satans thral.

O what a buſie Trade mad worldlings drive!
They talk, they ride, they run, contend and fight;
With craft they plot, with fraud and force they ſtrive,
For fleſhly Luſt, and poyſonous Delight.

As the fleet Swallows glides to catch a Flie,
And toyſſom Ants do gather Sticks and Straw:
At dearer rates Men purchaſe Vanity,
For Satan, Luſt, and Madneſs, make their Law.

May they but a ſick Mortal Luſt fulfil,
Get Mony, Houſes, Land, and large Revenews,
Look big, and make all ſtoop to their proud will;
Feaſt, drink, and play, and keep a great Retinue:

This is the dreaming happineſs of Fools,
Life ſpent for this, and Heav'n for this is loſt:
And this is all for which they ſell their Souls,
A fools Cap purchas'd at the deareſt coſt.

All this is done in the known way to Death,
They have not the leaſt hope, but die they muſt:
They are not ſure to fetch another breath,
They know their pamper'd Fleſh will ſoon be duſt.

Their pomp & wealth for which they God forſake,
Yea, tho' their Streets with Silver they could pave;
All the vexations, ſtrife, and ſtir they make,
They know is but in paſſing to the Grave.

Were they but following anothers Course,
Such going towards a Grave would be a shame;
But when its towards their own, it is far worse,
A Madness which doth want a proper name.

Sheep know not when Death's near, yet live in peace:
Birds feed and sing in peace, together got,
Man always knows his Life will shortly cease,
Yet madly lives as if he knew it not.

But when Death comes they are surpriz'd with fear,
As if till then they knew not they must die;
Departing wealth and life, their hearts then tear,
O how the Case is chang'd when death seems nigh!

How sad doth *Dives* look? how deep he groans?
His Mammon god, now will not hear his cries;
Mony and Friends now answer not his moans,
For all his wealth, he trembles, faints and dies.

The greatest Lord and Prince must now submit,
Crowns, Titles, Mony will not ease his pain;
Forced repentance seems to have some wit,
Preachers may speak now without proud disdain.

He calls for Mercy, he forgiveth all,
Instead of Fire and Sword, he speaks for Peace,
His wit revives as Flesh and Strength do fall,
Not from a Holy change, but for his ease.

Now he talks how he'd live; when life's near gone,
He seemeth wise, and promiseth to mend;
He thinks what Time is for, when time is done,
Begins to think of living at his end.

Might he be sav'd now for a frightned wish,
When guilt and terror cause his heart to faint,
When worldly pleasures all forsake his flesh,
He'd have the end and portion of a Saint.

Now take an Inventory of his Wealth,
This Corps was once the Body of a Man:

It liv'd in Pleasure, Honour, Ease and Health;
Goes Naked hence, as Naked Life began.

That frightful Earthly Face was wont to smile,
And with proud Scorn on hated Persons frown,
It Comely seem'd, which now is Black and Vile,
That its the same, can hardly now be known.

Those closed Eyes, the Casements were of Lust,
There enter'd Worldly Vanity and Sin,
That Mouth, those Lips that now must Rot to Dust,
Have taken many a pleasant Morsel in.

That Throat, his Fellow-Creatures did Devour,
Made Sumptuous Feasts his Body to maintain,
With pleasant Liquors, many a merry Hour,
He did exhilerate both Heart and Brain.

Those Ears have heard, Jests, Plays and Melody,
Mens flattering Praise, and many a merry Song;
The welcom news of their Calamity,
Whom Wrath and Malice did delight to Wrong.

That Mouth hath utter'd many a merry Jest,
Vain Worldly talk, Strife, News & feigned Story,
Oaths, Lies and wanton Speeches, were its Feast,
Threats, and proud Boasts, & Scorning were its Glory.

That Nose delighted was with pleasant smell.
That Black and Sallow Skin was smooth and white;
On Eyes and Countenance did Grandure dwell,
The Just did flie; the Poor crowch'd at his sight.

Those Limbs could move; those Hands had nimble Joints,
The Corps which now lies Dead, did Ride and Run,
All did perform what Lust and Pride appoints,
Many successful Actions he hath done.

Many deep Plodding Thoughts that Brain hath hatch'd,
How to grow Rich, and Great, and have his Will,
For Means and Seasons, he hath wisely watch'd,
All his Desires and Pleasure to fulfil.

And

And now what's left? To keep him from Mens ſight,
A Shrowd and Coffin's all that he muſt have,
And theſe unknown, afford him no delight,
But ſerve their turn, who bring him to a Grave.

But where's his Mony, Honours, Lands & Treaſures?
Left to his Heirs, leſt they ſhould wiſer be,
That the ſtrong Snare of fleſhly worldly pleaſures,
May tempt them all to Live and Die as he.

But where is *Dives* Soul? Chriſt ſaith, In Hell:
But his Five Brethren will not this believe:
Chriſt will not lie: And who can better tell?
But Satan thus Succeſſors doth deceive.

What hath he taken hence of all his Gains?
Gods Wrath: The Guilt & Conſcience of his Sin:
But not one drop to eaſe Tormenting Pains,
Will all his Honours, Lands and Riches win.

A Preacher tells his Brethren what Chriſt ſaith:
He's charg'd of Slandering ſo great a Man;
A Goal, and Scorn, is the ſucceſs he hath:
Convince proud, wilful, Sinners, no one can.

And is not this a doleful *Bedlam*-Caſe,
When all a Rich Mans pleaſure with him Dies?
His Brethren madly follow the ſame Chaſe,
At the ſame time, while he in Torment lies.

He's paying for his long Contempt of Grace;
They build his Tomb, and celebrate his Fame;
He'd have them warn'd, & not come to that place;
They praiſe his Doings, and keep up his Name.

Could one at once but ſee them and their Brother;
Him in his Torment; them in their Delight;
How unlike are their Thoughts to one another?
One Groans for that, for which the others ſight.

Faith ſees all this: But Fleſh and Senſe is blind:
Theſe Bruits believe no more than what they ſee:

One from the Dead sent could not change their mind;
But it by sense too late, will changed be.

God gives Men Life: They'l not consider why:
Time's short: Fools know not what they have to do,
Nor think why they were Born till they must Die,
Nor whither their departing Souls must go.

They Live, as if they thought that Heaven & Hell
Were th' only places of Consideration,
And to be Drunk, or Mad, were to be well:
And fool away this Life of Preparation.

IV. *Hypocrisie.*

BUT none are worse than Learned Reverend Fools,
Who vend their folly under Wisdoms name,
And are Abaddons keenest hurtful Tools,
By Usurp'd Grandure, and Religious Fame.

Who Teach Untruths, or Live not as they Teach,
Pretend to watch for other Mens Salvation,
And hate the Holy Life, for which they Preach,
And as a Trade, Preach their own Condemnation.

Who against Christ do fight with Sacred Arms;
His Name, and Words, Church-order, forg'd Commissions,
And Reverend Titles, are made potent Charms,
To win the Ignorant to their Conditions.

They praise Gods Word, but make it first their own
The words are Gods, the Church must make the sense,
Its no Law, till their Sentence make it known,
Not their meer Teaching by Truths Evidence.

Religion they corrupt by forg'd Traditions,
They think Gods Laws too big, and yet make more,
All's not enough without their vain Additions,
Religion was an Infant-thing before.

And under Christ, the Churches only Head,
Th'have found one King, or one Church-Parliament.
Whose Sovereign Rule the Christian World must dread,
And all that will be Saved, must Consent..

This Sovereigns Kingdom is the whole round Earth,
The Lands where they can never have Access;
From it their Canon-Law receiv'd its Birth,
To which they all obedience profess.

But the false name of Council-General,
Is now a Cheat to serve the *Roman*-King, (call?
Where are those Councils? whence? who must them
Who them from all the Earth together bring?

Could not our Lord without all this ado,
Have made sufficient Universal Law,
But our Religion must have so much new,
Which th' ancient Christians never heard, or saw?

Communion's made *Subjection* by this Cheat,
None can be Sav'd that are not Canon-proof;
Obey them, or they'l say you Separate,
They Build the Church, beginning at the Roof.

Thus can the Flesh such Learned Men deceive,
And make them love their Enemies as Friends,
And rule their Faith, and make them all believe,
That all is good, which serves their Worldly Ends.

How Wise and Holy should that Person be,
Whose Daily business is to search Gods Law?
Who should in Heavenly Pleasure Live, but he,
That Heaven and Hell, as in a Map, still saw?

Doth Pride and Envy, bitter Strife and Wrath,
Church Tyranny, or Hatred of the Good,

Be-

Become that Man, who such an Office hath,
To Preach Gods Love, Seal'd with Christs Flesh (
(Blood
What is his Calling, but Souls to Convert,
And Build them up in Faith and Love with Peace?
In what Art should he rather be expert,
Than to breed Love, and Hurtfulness suppress?
If he love Christ, he'll gently feed his Sheep.
Cherish and Love the good, strengthen the weak.
The Flock from Wolves & hurtful Beasts he'll keep,
And not against the Just and Upright speak.
Self-contradicting is a Madmans mark,
Judge then what these Malignant Preachers are,
Self-damning, Self-confuting, in the dark,
Heart, Tongue and Hand, are in a constant War.
They are Church-Shepherds,& yet hurtful Wolves.
They Preach for Love to Foes, yet hate Christs
Friends;
Preach Life to others, choose Death to themselves;
Heavenly words they speak, for Worldly Ends.
They Pray, that Gods great Name may Hallowed be,
Which they profane, by pleading it for Evil;
They Pray, as if Christs Kingdom they would see,
But mean their own, that's ruled by the Devil.
They hate Gods Will, and Pray it may be done,
Ev'n as it is in Heaven: A high degree!
Yet if one plead Gods Will against their own;
Who's hated more, or used worse than he?
They Pray for Daily Bread; for Life and Health:
But without Plenty are not satisfi'd:
But seek Preferment, Fulness, Rule and Wealth;
And grudge if Fleshly Lust be but deny'd.
Th' ask pardon of the Sin they Love and Cherish:
And that but as themselves forgive another,
Yet to fear God, Sin, Hell, as loath to perish,
They'll not forgive to a dissenting Brother.

They

They pray God not to lead them to Temptation,
Yet tempt themſelves, & love moſt tempting things;
Strong baits of Fleſh are their chief conſolation,
Greedy of all that deadly pleaſure brings.

They ask deliverance from all that's ill,
Yet Sin the worſt, they love and will not leave.
They ask, what's full againſt their Vicious Will,
That which God offers, and they'll not receive.

They ſeem to own a God: They Preach his Law,
But Man and Fleſh muſt be before him ſerv'd.
The World's more lov'd, of Man th'are more in aw:
As if God but the Tongue and Knee deſerv'd.

The Image is their God, and hath the Heart;
God's made an Image, and hath but the name.
Religion is with them meer *Form* and *Art*,
Kept up for Peace, by Cuſtom, Fear and Shame.

Chriſt is their Saviour call'd; their King and Lord,
To Preach his Grace and Glory is their Trade.
But to be Sav'd from Luſt and Sins, Abhor'd,
And he an Underling to Fleſh is made.

They ſay they do believe the Holy Ghoſt;
But his refining work will not be born,
A Fleſhly Worldly Life doth pleaſe them moſt,
The *Spirits* Name and Work ſome make a Scorn.

And yet for *Holineſs*, who hath more Zeal?
Meaning great Names, and Intereſt of their own:
They againſt *Sacriledge* to God appeal,
As it would Rob their Fleſh, and it Dethrone.

To none to hurt Chriſts Flock, withhold their Food,
His Faithful Miniſters to Alienate,
Nor feed proud Fleſh with what belongs to God,
All's Holy that to it is Dedicate.

Religion ends with them as it begun,
They were Baptiz'd, and made the Sacred Vow:

But this was by a ſtrange Godfather done,
Its with great Grief that I muſt tell you how.

Its known an Infant hath no *Will* to chooſe,
The Parents Will and Choice do ſtand for his.
Till he be capable his own to uſe,
He in the Power of his Parents is.

And God obligeth Chriſtians to devote
Themſelves and Theirs, in Covenant, to Chriſt,
This he accepts, as many Scriptures note,
The Parent being Dedicated firſt.

But now ſome other doth the Parents part,
Vows for the Child, and its due Education;
And (though he never meant it in his heart)
To ſee it Taught all needful to Salvation.

Atheiſts, and Infidels, and Sadduces,
Their Children are all freely taken in,
If they have but ſuch Godfathers as theſe,
Baptiſm is ſaid to ſave them all from Sin.

Men forbid Parents Godfathers to be,
And Miniſters their preſence to require.
Foreign Kings ſtand for thoſe they never ſee:
Poor Men get ſuch as they for Mony hire.

Parents theſe Undertakers do not ask,
Will you theſe Vows and Promiſes perform?
Baptiſmal Vows are made a formal task;
Thus they began: Thus Men Chriſts Laws reform.

Thus Chriſtians by falſe Ceremony made,
Religion's made a Ceremony now,
Not minding what Suborn'd Men Vow'd or ſaid,
They boldly break what others falſely Vow.

And when in Play and Sin their Childhood's ſpent,
For Canting a few words, not underſtood,
Mindleſs what Faith is, or their Baptiſm meant,
Confirm'd, they boldly claim Chriſts Fleſh & Blood.

A lifeleſs Image being thus receiv'd,
More Forms and Ceremonies it adorn,
And Hypocrites by Shadows thus deceiv'd,
The unknown Holy Life do Hate and Scorn.

Thus Life is fool'd away, till Death ſeem near,
Which doth diſrobe their ſplendid cheating Sins,
But to eaſe Conſcience waken'd now by fear,
Forc'd Penitence Mans Abſolution wins.

And at the Grave, when Men as bad as he,
Do hear that God in Mercy took his Soul;
And Charity for this hope pleaded be,
Falſe hopes which ſhould be broken, are kept whole.

Thus Sinners are befoold till time is done,
From firſt to laſt ſpent in Hypocriſie;
And endleſs ſorrow when all hope is gone,
Tell them what Mercy they did long deny.

Yet ſtill the reverend Maſters of the Game,
Cheriſh the Malady with Zeal and Art;
Being themſelves diſeaſed by the ſame,
By mortal habit both of Head and Heart.

Tradition, Ceremony, Pomp and Rule,
A humane Image without Divine Life;
By Phariſees was uſed as the tool,
Of ſelf-deceit, and of malignant ſtrife.

Dead Saints they honour'd, and the living kill'd,
The Dead moleſt them not by their reproofs;
Their Relicks, Days, and Monuments they held,
In their Devotion as of great behoof.

Yet none were fiercer Enemies of Chriſt,
Nor did his Truth and Servants more oppoſe;
None with more Zeal for Holy Blood did thirſt,
None did more miſchief to the Church than thoſe.

Wolves in Sheeps clothing, by their Fruits are known,
By hurtful fangs, devouring bloody jaws,

As Thorns and Bryars, prick Men to the Bone,
So these by hurtful Hands and cruel Laws.

They'r humble Ministers, but Rule as Lords,
Servants of all, yet Vice-Kings under Christ:
On pain of Hell, all must obey their words,
If you will serve God, you must serve them first.

Heav'ns Keys are theirs, their right we must not doubt,
To curse and cast out those whom Christ takes in,
These they by words, themselves indeed shut out,
By mortal fleshly, and malignant Sin.

Christ's House a place of Merchandize is made,
Children cast out, his Table spread for Dogs;
To make sound Christians odious is their Trade,
To curse Gods Saints, and cast their Pearls to *Hogs*.

The Holy *Catholick Church*, is in their Creed,
Which is, *all true Believers upon Earth*;
Of whom Christ only is the *King and Head*,
To him they joyned are in the New Birth.

But these Men mean one corrupt Sect alone,
About the Fourth Part of the whole are they;
Cut off, and separate from the rest as none,
Their Pope and Councils that do not obey.

The *Saints Communion* they in words profess
Themselves, and Dead Mens Images they mean;
None pass for Saints who do not wear their dress,
The best, if not their Subjects are unclean.

Call them but Hereticks, and they may kill,
A Thousand Saints, and by it Heaven may win;
Such is the Power of a Papal will,
To make a Vertue of the greatest Sin.

On *Catholick Communion*, they lay,
Not only all Mens Duty, but Salvation;
For *Schism* rends Men from the Church, say they,
And so from Christ, & therefore brings damnation.

Yet

Yet that's Mans *Duty* which they *Schism* call,
To own no *human universal King*;
No *Legislative Power over all*,
In Councils, Pope, or any humane thing.
None's capable to rule all, but the Lord,
Give Church or State, Law, Judgment or Defence;
Man's *Universal Sovereignty*, abhor'd,
By Nature, Reason, and Experience.
Among the Mad, those Princes Monsters are,
Who Subjects be to this Church-Sovereigns claim;
And yet with Scorn, and just disdain would hear,
An *Universal Civil Sovereigns* Name.

When certainly it is a harder thing,
To Rule all Earth, by the Church-power and Word,
Than for the wisest Parliament or King,
To Rule the whole World by the Civil Sword.

Thus they impossible Communion make,
And yet Damn all that do it not observe:
None can tell whom for Sovereign we must take,
Nor which the Laws are, from which none must (swerve.

Must *Pope* or *Council*, this great Sovereign be,
Is't Monarchy, or Aristocrie?
Or is it mixt, and must they both agree,
Or is it the diffus'd Democracie?

(choose?
Whom must we take for Pope? Who must him
Which is the Pope, when there are two or three?
Must they that give the Power which they use,
Superiors, Equals, or Inferiors be?

When one at *Rome*, one at *Avignon* was,
And each a Council had which took his part;
Which for the true Communion then must pass,
Which was the Church from which none must de-
(part?
Must all th' *Abassians*, and *Armenians* know,
(And in Cosmography so skilful be,)

 Whether

Whether there's such a place as *Rome*, or no?
Whether there be a Pope, and which is he?

Is't the whole Church on Earth that he must rule,
Why then hath not the whole a chooſing Vote?
Is all the World ſave *Rome*, but the Popes Mule,
And that his Crown's Elective all do note?

It's like, that *all the Church conſent*, they'l ſay,
Then he's no Pope whom three 4th parts diſclaim,
How ſhall three parts then know whom to obey?
Will any ſerve that will uſurp the Name?

When Popes damn Popes, and Councils damn them (all,
And Popes damn Councils, what muſt Chriſtians do?
When they each others Laws damn and recal,
How ſhall we know whoſe Power then was true?

The *French* ſay Councils have this Sovereignty,
The firſt three hundred Years it was not ſo;
The Sovereign Power, the Church doth Unifie,
Was it then none, or how could Men it know?

An Univerſal Council never was,
'Twas but one Empire that did make that name;
Now that's diſſolv'd, how ſhould it come to paſs,
That any Prince on Earth ſhould do the ſame?

Hath any one the common Rule of all,
Or will Turks, Papiſts, and all Kings agree,
Such a true Council, when and where to call?
Or can one third part Univerſal be?

The Church of Councils Power is not agreed,
Therefore this doth not it now Unifie:
Thoſe that ſtand for their Sovereignty indeed,
Which were thoſe Councils, differ ſhamefully.

Some are for four, ſome ſix, ſome eight, ſome all,
Some ſuch as by the Pope approved were;
Divers each other Hereticks did call,
And which we muſt obey cannot appear.

And is Church Unity no better known,
And yet is necessary to Salvation:
And to all those that Christ himself will own?
What follows hence, but general Damnation?

An Universal Council none shall see,
Till the World have an Universal King;
This the Triple-crown'd Pope pretends to be,
Though not the name, he challengeth the thing.

The poor Fifth Monarchy Seekers, they pity,
As seeking that which long hath extant been:
No Monarch ever matcht the Holy City,
By his Church-keys thus rules the Man of Sin.

And if we knew which Powers to obey,
Which be the Canons, which so needful are:
If *some*, who knows them? if *all*, then are they
More necessary than Gods Scriptures far.

Christ hath the terms of Church-communion made,
These wiser Men, who make so many more;
Will shortly find their *Legislative* trade,
Among their greatest Sins set on their Score.

Baptism Christ made, what was thereto requir'd?
The Church still knew, and by Gods mercy knows,
The words then us'd, the requisites desir'd,
Scripture and sure Tradition fully shews.

The Church by Baptism was specifi'd,
Christ did command all such to love each other,
Holy Communion was to none deny'd,
All were to take a Christian as a Brother.

Till by some Heresie or great offence,
He brought his Covenant-keeping out of doubt;
And having added prov'd impenitence,
Was not so much *cast* as *declared* out.

None were baptiz'd into *Peter's* Name,
Much less to General Council, or the Pope;

They had one God, one Christ, their Creed the same,
One Spirit, Body, and one future hope.

But as the Serpent tempting *Eve* at first,
By Pride and promis'd knowledg did Man kill,
So from the pure simplicity of Christ,
By promis'd Wisdom, he befools Man still.

To know this Subject better, read a Book,
Call'd the Remains of *Fulk Greville*, Lord *Brook*.

V. *Man.*

VAin Man! Why is thy Being no more known?
Why seeking knowledg readst thou not thy self?
How many Books in vain dost thou take down?
Thy own Book standeth on the nearest Shelf.

Should vital knowing Spirits cloath'd in Flesh,
Mistake so course a Garment for the Man?
And live as if they did not hope or wish,
For any other Life than this short Span.

If cloathing hide thee from thy Neighbours sight,
Let it not hide thee also from thine own;
Look on thy self, thy Nature is a Light,
Shall knowing Souls be to themselves unknown?

Now know thy self before thou art undrest,
And tho through flesh Men cannot see thy heart;
Open thy Eyes, unveil thy Face at least,
That Men may see thou hast a better part.

How vile a thing is Man, if *Flesh* be *he*?
Can he look high who thinks himself so base?
His bruitish sleepy Thoughts and Life must be,
A dreaming, doating, or despairing Case.

Where

Where was that Flesh one year before thy Birth?
What is it now but warmed moving Clay?
What will it be e're long but common Earth?
To this thy pomp and pleasure is the way.

Where did Gods Art that curious Body form?
As in a Dunghil, even in Nature's sink;
Though skin and cloathing now do it adorn;
Twas bread between the Dung and Urine's stink.

What was it made of, but the Mothers Food?
Curdled and quickened by the Makers pow'r,
And there it lay in darkness, filth, and blood;
Unmeet for sight till Birth's appointed hour.

In pain and danger then it is brought forth,
A speechless, helpless, and polluted thing;
Entring the World with crying at its Birth,
Foretelling greater Griefs which time will bring.

How long by patient Mothers care and love
Doth feeble, useless, troubling Age subsist?
Should Man continue such, we could not prove,
That he in kind is better than a Beast.

Long do these unripe fleshly Bodies keep
The Soul from shewing its Essential Power;
Sense Rules, while Reason lyeth half asleep,
Vain toys and folly, spend our Childish hours.

By use and prepossession flesh gets strength,
Resisting Light, and all that's wise and holy;
Till Reason be its servile Slave at length,
And greatest Wit become the greatest Folly.

Then carnal Man lives like a crafty Beast,
Only to pamper Flesh, and please his Lust;
To make the Worms and Hell a costly Feast,
When Souls must part, and leave Flesh to the Dust.

If Flesh be Man, how many Men are one,
From Birth to Death, when as the Rivers flow?

Daily new Flesh succeeds that which is gone,
And none is what he was a year ago.

That beauteous Face, that pamper'd Body stood,
But lately on thy Table as thy Meat;
'Twas Mutton, Beef, Pork, Chicken, or such Food;
What now thou art, is what thou then didst eat.

Part of a Fish, a Swine, a Calf or Lamb,
Is turn'd into a Lady, Lord or King;
This Metamorphosis of Beast to Man,
Is surely done by some great unseen thing.

Yea all of Man that's seen did lately grow
In Fields, and that was Corn, or Fruit, or Grass,
Which now is Flesh, or from the Springs did flow,
To shew what Flesh *will be*, by what it was.

Vain Man! know'st thou no deeper than thy skin?
Go see an open'd Corps, and that will shew
What Garbage, Filth and Dung are hid within,
What thy vile Body is, thou there maist know.

Think that thy noisom stinking Excrement
Is one part of that sumptuous pleasant Food;
Whose other part a while of better scent,
Is turned into that proud Flesh and Blood.

If yet deceitful Beauty cheat thy Eyes,
Look on a face that's crusted with the Pocks;
Or a white Breast where stinking Cancers rise,
And pity Fools whom fleshly pleasure mocks.

If Health, Wealth, Pomp or Power delude thy mind,
Go to the greatest dying sick Mans Bed,
Ask him what safety he in these doth find?
Yea, go yet further, look upon the Dead.

Here much unlike to what it was before,
Is that now loathsom Flesh, that ghastly Face;
What hath it now of all it's Power and Store?
Remember this must shortly be thy Case.

How long the ſight and ſcent can you abide,
Of your dead, greateſt, wiſeſt, deareſt Friend?
Unleſs ſome Art the frightful Viſage hide,
And from the ſmell your tender Senſe defend.

We can deviſe no better a diſpoſe
Of deareſt Friends, than a deep darkſom Grave;
Where to lie rotting we may them repoſe,
The living from their ſight and ſcent to ſave.

The Worms without repulſe there feaſted be,
They feed on Heart and Face without offence;
What pamper'd Bodies are, there you may ſee,
If you dig up that Corps a few months hence.

But though whats out of ſight, grows out of mind,
Pictures and guilded Tombs are alſo ſet,
The ſenſleſs hearts of Men further to blind;
That what Fleſh is they may the more forget.

Yet the next opened Grave caſts up in ſight
The Skull, whoſe holes of Eyes and Mouth you ſee,
Where enter'd formerly the dear delight;
Think then, thus ſhortly it will be with me.

The harmleſs pretty Bird with pleaſure ſings,
Not ſo deform'd in Life or Death as we;
The cruel Bowels of great Lords and Kings,
To her an honourable Tomb may be.

Save that to be devoured by bad Men,
Turns guiltleſs things into a guilty Wight;
And makes them ſinful, and more fetide, than
If they had rotted in the open light.

The labouring Ant leſs burdenſom Fleſh hath,
Thouſands in peace in one ſtor'd heap can dwell;
In peace by Crowds they travel the ſame path,
And being dead, annoy none by their ſmell.

The working Bees in peace together live,
Fetching their Hony home from many Flowers;

Dwelling in quiet order in one Hive,
But Man deſtroys them and their ſtore devours.

God who by Nature gives them flying Wings,
And their rare mellifying power gave;
Doth give them alſo their defenſive Stings,
Their Houſe, and Young, and Property to ſave.

Men kill them, and eat up their gathered Food,
But make the like no King, no Artiſt can;
Their *Work*, yea their dead Corps, are ſweet and good,
But ſweeteſt things corrupt and ſtink in Man.

How ſwiftly do th' unwearied Swallows flee,
And mount, and ſport, even to an unſeen height;
Their active fiery part is quick and free,
Not clog'd as Men are by a fleſhly Weight.

The mounted Lark hovering with nimble Wings,
Dwells above Earth till Strength and Spirits fail;
And peering towards the Sun, ſhe ſweetly ſings,
But falls down mute when earthly parts prevail.

Some ſay, all motion tends to ceaſing reſt,
Of Earth's forc't lifeleſs motion this is true;
To *Spirits perfect Action* is the beſt,
Unceſſant *Love* and *Pleaſure* is their *due*.

Experience ſadly tells Man, that his Soul
Is clog'd by Fleſh, perverted by its bent,
So that dark Heathens did its caſe condole,
As for old Sins into this Body ſent.

Did not Gods Holy Spirit quicken ours,
And cauſe us unſeen things by Faith to ſee?
Renew and raiſe our dead corrupted powers,
None could from *Fleſh*, *Luſt*, *Sin*, *Hell*, ſaved be.

Fleſh is not Sin, its made for Holy uſe,
In it Souls here muſt ſeek and ſerve the Lord;
But its the tempting object of abuſe,
While we its Life and Luſt too much regard.

The Body as a Servant we muſt love,
But Souls have Senſe, and Senſe to Fleſh is ty'd;
And ſo drawn down from God and things above,
The Soul that hath not Faith is brutify'd.

The Intereſt of Fleſh perverts the *will*,
It conquers Reaſon, and corrupts the Mind,
No other Enemy doth ſo much ill,
To ſelf-deſtroying, periſhing Mankind.

AND now oh Man, is Fleſh all that thou art?
Worthy of all thy ſtir, and coſt, and care,
Live not as if thou hadſt no better part,
Mens Souls like God, and Kin to Angels are.

Even Bruits have Souls poſſeſt of Life and Senſe,
Made to ſerve Man, who's made his God to praiſe?
Whether *Diſtinct* or *One*, when taken hence,
Subject to us, whom God will higher raiſe.

What's Fleſh, but Water mixt with ſenſleſs Earth?
Viler than dirt, when Souls awhile are gone,
It's unſeen Spirit which cauſeth Life and Birth,
This moveth all that's mov'd, doth all that's done.

Mans Soul is made the Image of his God,
Subſtantial Virtue of *Life*, *Light*, and *Love*.
And though in Fleſh it now have its abode,
Its tendency is to the world above.

It came from God, and unto God returns,
Though in this Fleſh its Life of Tryal be;
It daily waſts the Oyl, as Fire that burns,
Conſumes its Fuel, and then is ſet free.

As Flames mount upward, Souls tow'rds Heav'n aſcend,
And are ſtill reſtleſs till they be at home;
If Sin depreſs them not, tow'rd God they tend,
Bleſſed and joyful, when to him they come.

As things Inanimate, are rul'd by force,
By Senſe and Objects, Bruits determined be;

Both these are carryed on in Natures course,
Mans Will more undetermin'd is, and free.

Bruits are not ruled by a Moral Law:
Nor moved by the hopes of light to come;
Nor of Gods Threats and Justice stand in awe,
Nor after Death fear any other Doom.

Man's made in his degree to know the Lord,
To know his Duty, and to please Gods Will;
To learn and love, trust and obey his Word,
In hope of Heav'n, his course here to fulfil.

God is Mans supreme King, his Guide, his End,
His Soul and Life should have no other scope;
From Sin and Devils, God will his defend,
In Life and Death, God is our only hope.

You see not whether Souls departing go,
But Heaven and Hell are visible to Faith;
God hath reveal'd enough to make us know,
That all shall be performed which he saith.

We no more need to fear his Word should fail,
Or God forsake the Souls that do him please,
Or any final Hurt, Christ's Flock assail,
Than Earth to bear, or Sun to shine should cease.

Is not a Sober, Righteous, Holy Life,
In certain hope of everlasting Joys,
Better than Sin, Despair, Care, Fear and Strife,
For short deceitful pleasant Dreams and Toys?

IF yet blind Man, thou thinkst thou art a Beast,
And hast no higher hopes and works to mind,
Become a tame, and gentle One, at least,
Not of the wild, fierce, hurtful, bloody Kind.

Serpents, and Toads, and Wolves, are harmless things,
Yea Lions, Tigers, and such Beasts of Prey,
Compair'd with many Conquerors and Kings,
Who do ten thousand fold more hurt than they.

If

If this ſhort fleſhly pleaſure be thy beſt,
What need of Wars and Blood, Rage and Debate?
Sweet Love, and quiet Peace, afford more reſt,
Than Pow'r and Wealth, with hurtful Plots & Hate.

What need of large Dominions, to prepare
For Dying Pangs, a Coffin and a Grave,
Quiet, Content, and Kindneſs fitter are,
Thy Neighbours Welfare, and thine own to ſave.

But of all Beaſts, the *Man-Beaſt* is the worſt,
To others, and himſelf, the cruelſt Foe,
And turning Serpent, doth become accurſt,
A Scourge to others, his own endleſs Woe.

As Holineſs fits Souls for endleſs Bliſs,
And here hath its beginning and foretaſt;
So Sin the Plague of *Un-man'd* Nature is,
And turns *Man-Beaſt* to *Devil* at the laſt.

If all Men made themſelves, and are their own,
And have no Ruler but Self-will and Senſe;
If Man be nothing elſe but Fleſh and Bone,
Can live here ſtill, and ſay, *I'le not go hence*;

If Man can conquer God, and him Dethrone,
Kill Chriſt again, and ſhut up Paradiſe;
Then Saints are Fools, and worldly Men alone,
Chooſing a *Shadow* and *Deſpair*, are wiſe.

But ſure if Man be only Mortal Fleſh,
A Squib, a Bubble, a vile Earthly Clod,
He never will have *Pow'r*, what e'er he wiſh,
To ſave himſelf, by overcoming God.

But Heav'n is quite above Malignant Powers,
Our Peace and Safety's far above their reach,
Chriſts Kingdom is not of this World, nor ours,
It's unſeen Bleſſedneſs which he did preach.

There holy Spirits free from Sin and Fear,
From cruel Tyrants, Devils, Death and Hell;

The ſweet Celeſtial Melody ſtill hear,
In perfect Light and Love together dwell.

There's no dark Error, no perplexing doubt,
No Selfiſh Envy, Strife or Diſcontent;
All hurtful troubling things are there ſhut out,
No VVrathful Sting, no Malice, no Diſſent.

Numberleſs Numbers there, are all but One,
Of the ſame Body, each a Member is,
Each hath his due degree and place, but none
A Selfiſh ſeparated part of Bliſs.

All have one God, one Head, one Vital Spirit;
All Love God with one Love; and all Rejoice
VVith one Joy: All one Kingdom do Inherit,
All ſweetly ſing Gods Praiſe, as with one Voice.

True Unity with Diff'rence well Accords,
And makes up Beauty and Conſort; though there
Self, *Numbers*, *Many*, and ſuch parting words,
Have not the ſame dividing ſenſe as here.

Thus hath *one Soul* more than *one Faculty*,
One Sun; each ſort of Life, Three formal Powers,
Some Image of the Divine Trinity;
But none on Earth ſo excellent as ours.

And as in *Being*, ſo in more reſpects,
Unity doth with Number well agree,
Many Concauſes have the ſame effects,
Yea all Gods Creatures *One* and *Many* be.

So divers Fruits are but parts of one Tree;
And every Tree is Rooted in one Ground:
All Grounds of this One Earth but parcels be,
This Earth a ſmall part of the World is found.

Souls are unſeen, and ſo their Union is,
Many united Individuals,
Their diſtinct perſons make ſome think amiſs,
That they are incoherent Integrals.

God

God only hath a perfect Unity,
Of the same World, some Blest, some Cursed be,
Some Union stands with great Diversity,
Apples and Crabs may grow on the same Tree.

Blest Union is of Good-things near of Kin,
To things Discordant Union causeth pain;
An aking Tooth is better out than in,
To lose a Rotting Member is a Gain.

The nearest Fuel is Consum'd by Fire.
Gods Wrath is near the Wicked, to destroy.
To Holy Souls, who Gods Love most desire,
He is their full and everlasting Joy.

Ten Thousand Stars and Candles give one Light,
Concordant Sounds make one sweet Melody.
Two Ears, one hearing Cause; two Eyes, one Sight;
But Light and Darkness have no Unity.

Here Wicked Men are every where in Wars:
Men against Men, as Tigers fiercely Rave:
Our Minds, and Wills, and Passions, have their Jars;
Our Souls and Bodies Mortal Discords have.

Though Life be short, and Death is at the Door,
Impatient Foes think posting Time too slow,
They grudge to let us live a few Days more,
Revenge and Malice long to give the Blow.

But Heav'n hath no such work: there's no such Men
Nothing is there, the Blessed to Annoy,
With Christ and Angels Holy Soul shall then,
Praise God in perfect Life, Light, Love and Joy!

Amen.

Decemb. 17. 1682.

VI. The *Exit.*

MY Soul go boldly forth,
Forſake this Sinful Earth,
What hath it been to thee
But Pain and Sorrow,
And thinkſt thou it will be
Better to Morrow?

Love not this Darkſom Womb,
Nor yet a Gilded Tomb,
Though on it Written be
Mortal Mens Story,
Look up by Faith, and ſee
Sure Joyful Glory.

Why art thou for Delay?
Thou cam'ſt not here to ſtay:
What tak'ſt thou for thy part,
But Heav'nly pleaſure?
Where then ſhould be thy Heart,
But where's thy Treaſure?

Thy God, thy Head's above,
There is the World of Love;
Manſions there purchas'd are,
By Chriſts own Merit,
For theſe he doth prepare
Thee by his Spirit.

Look up towards Heav'n, and ſee
How vaſt thoſe Regions be,
Where Bleſſed Spirits dwell,
How Pure and Lightful?
But Earth is near to Hell,
How Dark and Frightful?

Here Life doth ſtrive with Death,
To lengthen Mortals Breath;

Till one ſhort Race be run,
Which would be ended,
When it is but begun,
If not defended.

Here Life is but a Spark,
Scarce ſhining in the Dark;
Life is the Element there,
Which Souls reſide in:
Much like as Air is here,
Which we abide in.

Hither thou cam'ſt from thence:
The Divine Influence
In Fleſh my Soul did place,
Among the Living:
To be of Humane Race,
Was his free giving.

There I ſhall know God more:
There is the Bleſſed Chore:
No Wickedneſs comes there,
All there is Holy:
There is no Grief or Fear,
No Sin or Folly.

Jeruſalem above,
Glorious in Light and Love,
Is Mother of us all,
Who ſhall enjoy them,
The Wicked Hell-ward fall;
Sin will deſtroy them.

O Bleſſed Company,
Where all in Harmony,
Jehovah's Praiſes Sing,
Still without ceaſing:
And all Obey their King,
With perfect pleaſing.

God there is the Saints Reſt,
God is their conſtant Feaſt;

He doth them Feed and Bleſs,
With Love and Favour,
Of which they ſtill poſſeſs,
The pleaſant Savour.

God is Eſſential Love,
And all the Saints above,
Are like unto him made,
Each in his Meaſure:
Love is their Life and Trade,
Their conſtant Pleaſure.

Love Flame's in every Breaſt,
The Greateſt and the Leaſt;
Strangers to this ſweet Life,
There are not any.
Love leaves no place for Strife;
Makes *One* of *Many*.

Each is to other dear,
No Malice enters there;
No Siding Difference;
No Hurt, no Evil;
Becauſe no Ignorance,
No Sin, no Devil.

What Joy muſt there needs be,
Where all Gods Glory ſee;
Feeling Gods Vital Love,
Which ſtill is Burning:
And Flaming God-ward move,
Full Love returning.

SELF makes Contention here,
Love makes all Common there,
There's no Propriety,
Mine is my Brothers.
Perfect Community
Makes One's Anothers.

Go out then lingring Soul,
From this Vile Serpents Hole;

Where Bred as in a Sink,
They Hiſs and Sting us.
Will not Chriſt, doſt thou think,
To better bring us?

Think not that Heav'n wants ſtore,
Think not that Hell hath more,
If all on Earth were loſt:
Earth's ſcarce one Tittle,
To the vaſt Heavens: at moſt,
Exceeding little.

All thoſe Bleſt Myriads be,
Lovers of Chriſt and Thee;
Angels thy preſence wiſh,
Chriſt will receive thee:
Then let not Bruitiſh Fleſh,
Fright and Deceive thee.

Gladly my Soul go forth;
Is Heaven of no more worth,
Than this Curſt Deſert is,
This World of Trouble?
Prefer Eternal Bliſs,
Before this Bubble.

Wiſh not ſtill for Delay:
Why wouldſt thou longer ſtay
From Chriſt, from Home ſo far,
In Self-Denyal:
And live in longer War,
A Life of Tryal?

Souls Live when Fleſh lies Dead:
Thy Sin is Pardoned,
When Chriſt doth Death diſarm,
Why art thou fearful?
And Souls that fear no harm,
Should paſs forth Chearful.

Cheriſh not cauſeleſs Doubt,
That God will ſhut thee out:

What if he thee assur'd
From Heav'n by Letter?
His Son, his Spirit, and Word,
Have done it better.

Hath Mercy made Life sweet:
And is it kind and meet,
Thus to draw back from God,
Who doth Protect thee?
Look then for his sharp Rod,
Next to Correct thee.

What if Foes should make haste?
Thou wilt the sooner taste
What all Blest Souls enjoy,
With Christ for ever;
Where those that thee Annoy,
Shall hurt thee never.

Fear not the World of Light,
Though out of Mortal's sight:
As if it doubtful were,
For want of seeing:
Gross Bodies Vilest are,
And the least Being.

Vain sinful World farewel;
I go where Angels dwell;
Where Life, Light, Love and Joy,
Are the Saints Glory:
Gods Praises there employ
The Consistory.

Christ who knows all his Sheep,
Will all in safety keep.
He will not lose his Blood,
Nor Intercession:
Nor we the Purchas'd Good
Of his dear Passion.

I know my God is Just,
To him I wholly Trust;

All

All that I have, and am,
All that I hope for:
Alls ſure and ſeen to him,
Which I here grope for.
Lord Jeſus take my Spirit:
I truſt thy Love and Merit:
Take home this wand'ring Sheep,
For thou haſt ſought it:
This Soul in ſafety keep,
For thou haſt bought it. *Amen.*

Decemb. 19. 1682.

VII. The *Valediction.*

1. VAin World, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals ſee
Which ſhould eſteemed be,
Worthy their Pleaſure?
Is it the Mothers Womb,
Or Sorrows which ſoon come,
Or a dark Grave and Tomb
Which is their Treaſure?
How doſt thou Man deceive
By thy vain Glory,
Why do they ſtill Believe
Thy falſe Hiſtory?

2. Is't Childrens Book and Rod,
The Lab'rer's heavy Load,
Poverty under-trod
The World deſireth?
Is it diſtracting Cares,
Or Heart-tormenting Fears,

Or pining Grief and Tears,
Which Man requireth?
Or is it Youthful Rage,
Or Childish Toying?
Or is Decrepite Age
Worth Mans Enjoying?

3. Is it deceitful Wealth,
Got by Care, Fraud, or Stealth,
Or short uncertain Health,
Which thus befool Men?
Or do the Serpents Lies,
By the Worlds Flatteries,
And tempting Vanities,
Still over-rule them?
Or do they in a Dream,
Sleep out their Season?
Or born down by Lusts Stream,
Which Conquers Reason?

4. The silly Lambs to day,
Pleasantly Skip and Play,
Whom Butchers mean to Slay,
Perhaps to Morrow:
In a more Bruitish sort,
Do careless Sinners Sport,
Or in dead Sleep still Snort,
As near to Sorrow.
Till Life, not well begun,
be sadly Ended,
And the VVeb they have Spun,
Can ne'r be Mended.

5. What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none,
The present stays not.
Time posteth, Oh how fast
Unwelcom Death makes hast,

None

None can call back what's paſt,
Judgment delays not:
Though God bring in the Light,
Sinners awake not,
Becauſe Hells out of Sight,
They Sin forſake not.

6. Man walks in a vain ſhew,
They know, yet will not know;
Sit ſtill when they ſhould go,
But run for ſhadows:
VVhile they might taſte and know
The living Streams that flow,
And crop the Flowers that grow
In Chriſt's ſweet Medows.
Life's better ſlept away,
Than as they uſe it.
In Sin and Drunken Play,
Vain Men abuſe it.

7. Malignant VVorld adieu,
VVhere no foul Vice is new,
Only to Satan true,
God ſtill offended:
Though taught and warn'd by God,
And his Chaſtiſing Rod,
Keeps ſtill the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptiſmal Vows ſome make,
But ne'r perform them;
If Angels from Heaven ſpake,
'Twould not reform them.

8. They dig for Hell beneath,
They Labour hard for Death,
Run themſelves out of Breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for nought,
Damnation's dearly bought,

And

And with great Labour fought,
They'll not forſake it.
Their Souls are Satans fee,
He'll not abate it.
Grace is refus'd that's free,
Mad Sinners hate it.

9. Vile Man is ſo perverſe,
It's too rough work for Verſe,
His badneſs to Rehearſe,
And ſhew his Folly,
He'll die at any rates,
He God and Conſcience hates,
Yet Sin he Conſecrates,
And calls it Holy:
The Grace he'll not endure,
Which would renew him:
Conſtant to all, and ſure,
Which will undo him.

10. His Head comes firſt at Birth,
And takes Root in the Earth,
As Nature ſhooteth forth,
His Feet grow higheſt:
To kick at all above,
And ſpurn at ſaving Love;
His God is in his Grove,
Becauſe its nigheſt.
He loves this World of ſtrife,
Hates what would mend it:
Loves Death that's called Life,
Fears what would end it.

11. All that is good hee'd cruſh,
Blindly on Sin doth ruſh,
A Pricking thorny Buſh,
Such Chriſt was Crown'd with:
Their Worſhips like to this,
The Reed, the Judas Kiſs,

Such

Such the Religion is,
That theſe abound with.
They mock Chriſt with the Knee
When e're they bow it;
As if God did not ſee
The Heart, and know it.

12. Of Good they chooſe the leaſt,
Deſpiſe that which is beſt,
The joyful Heavenly feaſt,
Which Chriſt would give them:
Heav'n hath ſcarce one cold wiſh,
They live unto the Fleſh,
Like Swine they feed on Waſh,
Satan doth drive them.
Like weeds they grow in Mire,
Which Vices nouriſh;
Where warm'd by Satans Fire,
All Sins do Flouriſh.

13. Is this the World Men chooſe,
For which they Heav'n refuſe,
And Chriſt and Grace abuſe,
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in ſome Degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My Soul from *Sodom* flie,
Leſt wrath there find thee:
Thy Refuge-reſt is nigh,
Look not behind thee.

14. There's none of this ado,
None of the Helliſh Crew,
Gods promiſe is moſt true,
Boldly believe it.
My Friends are gone before,
And I am near the Shoor,

[illegible] at the Door,
O Lord receive it
[illegible] Christ and his Merits,
The Dead he raises:
[illegible]n it with Blessed Spirits,
Who sing thy Praises.

Jan. 14. 168$\frac{2}{3}$.

FINIS.